M
1977
.S2
B84
1914

SONGS·OF SEA·LABOUR

(Chanties)

BY

F·T·BULLEN AND W·F·ARNOLD

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

HAROLD B. LEE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

returned on or before
below

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC
LIBRARY
PRINCE CONSORT ROAD
LONDON S.W.7

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Brigham Young University

http://www.archive.org/details/songsofsealabour1914bull

M
1977
.S2
B84
1914

Songs of Sea Labour

(CHANTIES.)

BY

FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

(AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT,"
"IDYLLS OF THE SEA," "THE LOG OF A SEA-WAIF," ETC., ETC.)

AND

W. F. ARNOLD.

WITH AN APPRECIATION
BY
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

PRICE, TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE, NET CASH.

SWAN & Co.,
WATSON & WILCOCK, LIMITED,
312, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (NEAR QUEEN'S HALL).

Copyright in America, MCMXIV., by F. T. Bullen and W. F. Arnold.

"Give us therefore, Oh! give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness."

Carlyle.

HAROLD B. LEE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

To

THOMAS MARLOWE, Esq.,

in grateful remembrance of his

fellowship and of happy evenings

in Adelphi Terrace.

DEAR BULLEN,

You have done real good national work in helping to preserve these fine old Chanties. Like yourself I have heard them many a time when I have been bending to the rhythm as we hauled up the heavy whaling boats to their davits. It is wonderful how their musical rise and fall, with the pull coming on the main note, lightened the labour. I fear in these days of steam winches that the old stamp-and-go of ten men on a rope is gone for ever. And yet your book will help to preserve it, and to those who know and can feel, there is a smack of salt spray in every line of these rude virile verses. To them once again will come back the creak of the blocks as the falls whine through them, and the dead heavy lurch as the boat jerks upwards. As I glance through your pages and see "On the plains of Mexico," "Blow the man down," or "Rio Grande," I can hardly think of any words or tunes that appeal more intimately to all the spirit of adventure that life has left in me. I only wish you were here to sing them yourself in your inimitable way.

Yours cordially,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Windlesham,
Crowborough,
Sussex.
April 4th, 1914.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.
THE MUSIC OF THE CHANTIES.
NOTES TO THE CHANTIES.
NOTES TO THE TWO SEA SONGS.

WINDLASS AND CAPSTAN CHANTIES.

1. Mudder Dinah.
2. Sister Susan.
3. Ten Stone.
4. Shanandoah.
5. Sally Brown.
6. Walk along, Rosey.
7. Good-bye, fare-you-well.
8. Stormalong.
9. Leave her, Johnny.
10. Johnny come down to hilo.
11. Rolling River.
12. A-Roving.
13. Lowlands Away.
14. Rio Grande.
15. Poor Lucy Anna.
16. Santy Anna.
17. What shall we do with a drunken sailor.
18. Poor Paddy.
19. Oh! what did you give for your fine leg o' mutton
20. Hog-eye Man.
21. Can't you dance the Polka.
22. The Banks of the Sacramento.

HALLIARD CHANTIES.

23. Tom's gone to Hilo.
24. Hanging Johnny.
25. One more day.
26. Bound to Alabama.
27. Liza Lee.
28. Reuben Ranzo.
29. Poor old man (Dead Horse).
30. Hilo come down below.
31. Boney was a warrior (John François).
32. Blow the man down.
33. Coal black Rose.
34. Whiskey Johnny.
35. Blow boys, blow.
36. The Bullgine.

FORE SHEET CHANTIES.

37. Haul the Bowlin'!
38. Do my Johnny Bowker.
39. Haul away Jo.

BUNT CHANTY.

40. Paddy Doyle's Boots.

SEA SONGS.

41. Farewell and adieu to you Spanish Ladies.
42. Lowlands Low.

Introduction.

When my friend Arnold first suggested this book to me, the first thought which (I think quite naturally) occured to me was that the thing having been done several times before, it would be superfluous, if not impertinent to put yet another version before the public. But then my friend pointed out what I had only casually noticed before and had attached little importance to, viz., that without exception all these previous versions were "composed" and "arranged" from indistinct memories of the original melodies by the musicians whose names were attached to them.

Now this I am told is in direct contravention of the present movement for preserving original natural music, such as all genuine sea-chanties are. For such a book to have any real value its melodies must be faithfully taken down from the lips of one accustomed to sing them, one with a good memory, a good ear, but no academic musical training whatever. For a musician to undertake such a task, was for him to sink all his prejudices, resolutely put aside all his musical conventions and become, as far as the melodies were considered, a mere recorder of what was sung to him.

Now I humbly hope that it is not saying anything derogatory to the compilers, both literary and musical, of the collections of Sea Chanties already issued, to point out that in no sense do their books satisfy these prime requirements. In the first place, the literary compilers have not had the personal experience necessary. That is to say, their lot at sea has been cast in such pleasant places and in such services as effectually prevented them from gaining such experience. But I, unwillingly enough, had to spend over a decade of my sea life in various sailing ships' forecastles, engaged in trades where Chanties were not only much used on board, but where many new ones were acquired in the harbours; I allude to the West Indies and the Southern States of America.

Being possessed of a strong and melodious voice and a tenacious memory, Chanty singing early became a passion with me, and this resulted in my being invariably made Chantyman of each new vessel I sailed in, a function I performed until I finally reached the quarter-deck, when of course it ceased. Possibly this may sound egotistical, in fact I am pretty sure it does, but really it is not so intended, it is merely stating certain facts, none of which invests me with any merit whatever. For instance it is nothing to my credit or otherwise that I was before the mast in sailing ships from 1869 to 1880, or that I was never apprenticed and consequently was a member of many different ships' companies and sailed in many varying trades in that time. But it does go to show that I had the opportunity of learning the old Sea Chanties in the right places and under the best auspices, both of which are no longer available.

Now it is necessary to say something about the words of Chanties. The stubborn fact is that they had no set words beyond a starting verse or two and the fixed phrases of the chorus, which were very often not words at all. For all Chanties were impromptu as far as the words were concerned. Many a Chantyman was prized in spite of his poor voice because of his improvisations. Poor doggerel they were mostly and often very lewd and filthy, but they gave the knowing and appreciative shipmates, who roared the refrain, much opportunity for laughter.

Because of this I maintain that a Chanty which is "composed" to-day by a literary man is an anomaly. It may be poetical as well as seamanlike, but it has no more relation to the old time Chanty, than the composed and arranged music has to the

"Native wood-notes wild"

of the sailor, generally be it said, the negro sailor and boatman. For this reason no words beyond an introductory strophe or so and the choruses will be found in this book. Another omission is that of Sea Songs. They are not Chanties, nor have they ever been used as such. Therefore they are out of place in a collection of Chanties and I had intended to exclude them utterly, but on the earnest representation of my collaborator have consented to include two, the stately "Spanish Ladies" and "Lowlands Low."

Personally I anticipate little profit or credit from the publication of this book. It is true that I have often been asked by literary friends why I did not do some such thing, but I have always refused. Nor should I have yielded now but for a period of enforced leisure before the end and the knowledge that in Mr. Arnold I have found a musician without prejudices, willing to do what he has done to rescue these old songs from oblivion.

To conclude, I do not claim that I have here recorded all the Chanties there are—but these are all I know and have sung many times. And although many a furtive smile will creep over old sailors' faces, when they hear these Chanties and remember the associated words that went with them, those words are not down here.

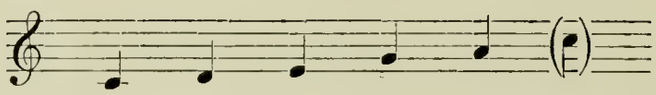
Bournemouth, 1913. FRANK T. BULLEN.

The Music of the Chanties.

Seeing that the majority of the Chanties are negroid in origin, perhaps a few remarks on Negro music will not be out of place here.

The negroes of the Southern States of America and the West Indies are a most musical race, and sing on every possible occasion. They have songs to suit all kinds of collective action, such as working at a pump, loading or unloading a ship and digging in the fields. One of the gang called the Chantyman, is told off to act as a sort of precentor. He sings the tune, improvising the words after the starting verse, the rest of the gang roaring out the choruses, working with the swing and rhythm of the music.

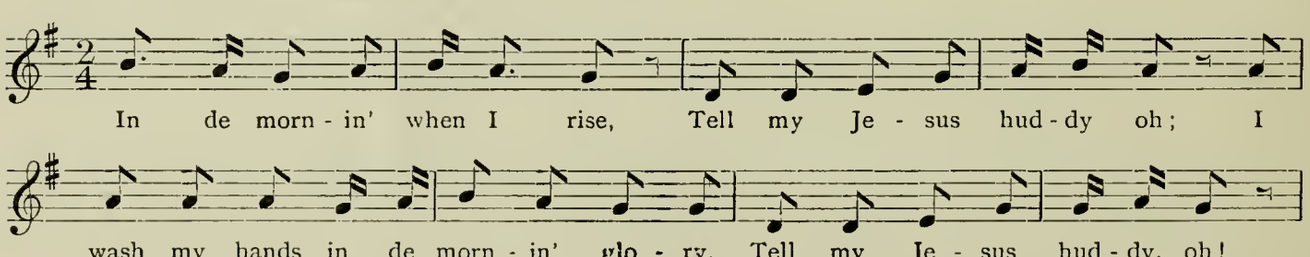
The melodies used are traditional and have been handed down from generation to generation. They are founded upon what is known as the pentatonic scale, i.e., a scale of five notes. In the key of C major for example:—



The fourth and seventh notes are wanted to make the scale complete as it is used in European Countries.

This scale appears to be the most primitive form of tonality known and forms the basis of most "natural music," including melodies of Celtic origin, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Magyar, North American Indian and the music of most savage races. The pentatonic is said to be the scale of musical instruments still in use in Abyssinia, Nubia and other countries in Africa. This together with the fact that they have the same rhythmic peculiarities, the same "catch," which is common to songs still sung in Africa, leads many to suppose that the negro melodies are a modified survival of pre-slave days; that Africa is the country of their birth. (See Grove's Dictionary, "Negro Music").

The following tune taken from the collection "Slave Songs of the United States," besides shewing a pentatonic scale, gives a good example of the peculiar "catch" or "snap" so often found in negro, and strange to say, Scotch tunes.



See also No. 6 of the Chanties for another example of the "snap." For pentatonic examples see No. 3 of the Chanties, where the tune is entirely in that scale, except the last bar but one, where the sub-dominant is introduced. Nos. 4, 6 and 33 are practically all pentatonic, the leading note being introduced once in each case as a passing note.

With regard to rhythm, the negro appears to possess a peculiar time organisation all his own. Mr. Walter Jekyll in his admirable work on "Jamaican Song and Story," (publications of the Folk-Lore Soc., No. 55) gives the following interesting and illuminating information. He

says, "if you ask him (the negro) to beat the time with his foot, he does it perfectly regularly, but just where the white man does not do it; we beat *with* the time, he beats *against* it. To make my meaning quite plain, take common measure. His first beat in the bar will be exactly midway between our first and second beats. The effect of this peculiarity in their singing is, that there is commonly a feeling of syncopation about it. The Americans call it 'rag-time.'" This will no doubt account in no small measure for the "raggy" nature of many of the Chanty tunes.

Another feature of the negro tunes is that they have a disconcerting habit of ending on almost every possible note of the scale except the usual tonic or dominant. The tune when in the minor key (as is commonly the case), generally leaves the seventh or leading note unsharpened. Some idea of the effect on the tune will be gained if the reader will play the scale of A minor on the piano, with the G unsharpened. See also No. 1 of the Chanties. Many tunes begin in the major key and end in the relative or tonic minor, or *vice versa*. No. 1 of the Chanties begins in F major and ends in D minor, the relative minor key. Nos. 4, 20 and 33 all begin in major keys and end in minor. No. 16, besides being a very fine tune, is remarkable in that it begins in E minor, enters into G major at bar 3, modulates through E minor into E major, and finishes in no less remote a key than F♯ minor; and all within the compass of nine bars. No. 17 is an extraordinary piece of dual tonality. (See footnote to the tune.)

Many of the Chanty tunes bear a strong resemblance to hymn tunes of the Sankey and Moody type. This need not excite a great amount of surprise when it is remembered that after the War of Emancipation troupes of negro singers toured the Northern States of America, introducing the traditional slave tunes to all classes of the community, including the negroes of the North, who adapted some of the songs into their religious services. The result was that negro songs and singers became "the rage." Minstrel troupes were formed in imitation of the genuine singers, and pseudo negro songs, such as "The old folks at home" (written by Stephen C. Foster, an American of Irish descent) achieved an enormous popularity; while many of the traditional tunes already used as hymns by the negroes, and others because of their quasi religious flavour, were adapted to words of a devotional nature. Mr. Bullen himself told the writer that on one occasion he overheard a South Carolina negro, employed on a sperm whaling ship as harpooneer, crooning what was ostensibly a Sankey hymn, but, on being questioned, the singer submitted the information that he had never heard of either Sankey or Moody, and what he was singing was a South Carolina slave song, "The little Octoroon," the chorus of which ran :—

"Glory! glory! how the freed men sing,
Glory! glory! how the old woods ring,
'Tis the loyal army marching to the sea
Pealing forth the anthem of the free."

Mr. Bullen however, knew the tune as "Ring the bells of heaven," one of the best known of the Sankey collection. Not only was the tune identical; for if comparison is made, the chorus given in the Sankey collection will be found to be a slightly altered version of the above lines. There is not the slightest doubt, that many of the hymns in that famous collection had their origin in the old traditional negro tunes. Many of them possess the characteristics of negro music. The tunes of both the Chanties and the American Revival Hymns spring from one common source—negro music. *

---

* Since writing the above I have read with no little pleasure and profit, J. B. T. Marsh's "The Story of the Jubilee Singers," in which book he states that during their tour through Great Britain the singers met the evangelists Moody and Sankey at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and "for some days lent daily assistance in the great work" by singing the negro slave songs at the revival meetings. Meeting the evangelists again in London, the Jubilee Singers "declined nearly all applications for concerts" and assisted in the services for several weeks. "Their songs were found to be especially adapted to promote the revival," says the author. It is not to be wondered at then, if some of them should have found their way into the Sankey and Moody collection.

The words and music of one hundred and thirty of the Jubilee Songs are given as an appendix to the book, many of them bearing a most striking resemblance to both the chanty tunes and those of the Sankey and Moody collection. They show the same form, construction, and melody type. Most of the songs are constructed on chanty lines, viz., short interludes for solo voice alternating with repeated catch-phrase choruses.—W. F. A.

As Mr. Jekyll says, "the negro is cheery at all times, but when well primed with liquor, he is hilarious. Nothing more joyous can be imagined than a good 'digging-sing' from twenty throats, with the pickers—so they call their pickaxes—falling in regular beat. The chief singer is usually the wag of the party, and his improvised sallies are greeted with laughter and an occasional 'hi,' which begins on a falsetto note and slides downwards, expressing amusement and delight very plainly." Mr. Bullen has a similar tale to tell, and many of the tunes given in this collection amply verify the statements of both writers.

With regard to the tunes as they are set down in this book. From the purely academical point of view, these melodies will appear crude, and in many cases hopelessly faulty in construction.

In considering some previous collections of chanties, the writer is reminded of Kipling's famous lines :—

"When the flush of a new born sun first fell
    on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree
    and scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen
    was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves,
    'It's pretty, but is it Art?'"

Some such diabolical whisperings seem to have troubled the arrangers of the tunes to no small purpose. But it must be remembered that these melodies are the spontaneous utterance of a naturally musical race, as primitive and crude if you will as father Adam's scratchings in the mould, but equally a natural and therefore a genuine expression of emotion and feeling. Any attempt to edit, re-write or to "titivate" these melodies in any way is utterly to destroy their individuality and significance and to set up in their place something artistic and good to listen to no doubt, but as far removed from natural music as is a gilded sixpence from the real gold coin. The tunes in this collection therefore, have been faithfully noted down as they fell from the lips of Mr. Bullen—an ex-chantyman himself—whose wonderfully tenacious memory has retained them even down to the slightest idiosyncrasy of rhythm and tonality, exactly as they were sung on the old sailing ships of a previous generation. The skill of the musician has only entered in so far as the harmonised accompaniments are concerned. With regard to these, seeing that only one verse of each can be given, it was thought that a pianoforte solo arrangement would prove more acceptable than the usual stereotyped voice accompaniments only. Also the writer is under the impression that the vast majority of those who are interested in natural music in its various forms prefer a pianoforte solo arrangement, very few wishing to sing the songs.

In the Chanties is to be found the true music of the sea; far more so than even in the old Sea Songs and Naval Ballads. These latter were the production of professional ballad writers with no first hand knowledge of the sea and its ways. "In the 16th and 17th centuries, the ballad filled the place which the cheap newspaper fills now, and professional writers put the stirring incidents of the day into verse for the information of the people as naturally as the modern journalist puts them into prose." (See "Naval Songs and Ballads" by C. H. Firth, M.A., Navy Records Soc., vol. 33.)

Another class of ballads were those written by professional men of letters, such as Dibdin, Gay, and Stevens. These again are a type of literature. They take sea life as their theme, but are not the direct expression of it. Even the comparatively few sea ballads written by sailors out of their own experiences are valueless from the musician's point of view, as nearly all the old sea songs and ballads were adapted to *pre-existing* tunes, only the *names* of the tunes being given on the "broadsheets," as the printed ballads were called.

On the other hand, the Chanty is purely a production of sea life. Where collective action assumes a rhythmical nature (as it certainly did on board the old sailing ships) the rhythmic element is bound to assert itself if such action is to become effective. The Chanty then was the natural product of the sailor's calling, and became part and parcel of his life and labours. In the ballads and sea songs the lyric is the chief factor. In the Chanties the opposite conditions obtain. The tune is the thing; the words count for little or nothing.

We are still essentially a maritime nation, and must continue to remain so. We depend upon the vast watery highway for the greater part of our daily bread, and to a certain extent even for the raiment wherewithal we are clothed. We owe a greater debt of gratitude to the seafaring man than we ever realize or can hope to pay. Truly of him we can say—in Carlyle's noble passage on the "Son of the Soil"—: "Venerable to *us* is the hard hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasably royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on; toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

The Sea Chanties are songs of labour; the crude symbols of much heavy toil; oft times terrible experience and physical suffering; of heroic battling with the wild, untamed forces of Nature—that we might have our daily bread. They form a kind of rude epic of those that go down to the sea in ships; a tradition which should not be allowed to die out. With the advent of steam the conditions of life at sea changed The great sails, the hand capstan, the windlass and the labour they entailed, have been replaced by the turbine engine, steam capstan, and steam winch or crane, and the seaman of to-day has no use for the Chanty.

The Chanty therefore is a last surviving link with a class of ship now almost extinct; the last will and testament of a type and sailor fast disappearing. Soon there will be no music of the ships beyond the discordant creak of the steam winch, the frightful howl of the siren, and the monotonous, pulsating rhythm of the propeller. The roar of the gale, the thunder of the surf and the whole vast orchestra of the sea will be heard alone, undisturbed by the feeble piping of frail but unconquerable man.

Let us be all the more grateful then that we have such a one still with us as Mr. Bullen, speaking, writing, ay, even "singing," out of the fullness of his knowledge and the riches of his experience.

Stamford Hill,

London, N. 1913. W. F. ARNOLD.

Only nine short months intervened between the publication of the first edition of this book and "the end," of which my dear friend speaks with such certainty in his Introduction. He died at Madeira on February 26th, 1915, leaving the world immeasurably poorer for his passing.—W. F. A.

Notes to the Chanties.

It is a wild thought of mine I know, but I have imagined the improvising of words to these Chanties becoming a favourite country house Drawing Room diversion. I think that for the encouragement of latent poetic talent, allied to versatility, few amusements offer a wider or more hopeful field than this. But I may be wrong. Perhaps it will be found too stimulating a mental occupation for the majority of country house visitors. I do not know. Judging from specimens of their conversation given in novels written by those within the pale and therefore privileged to take part in these causeries, mental agility must be of a very high order, and the feeble chatter limited to a dreary repetition of "Doncherknow," "I meantosay" and "What!" be confined to a shallow-brained minority.

There is however a big difficulty in the way. It is practically impossible to indicate by musical signs the extraordinary emphasis and cadence contained in these songs as they are used to lighten labour. And they are never used for any other purpose. Unlike the old folk-songs, which are used for pleasure or diversion, the Sailor's Chanties were never sung in the forecastles after labour, nor in all my experience have I ever heard a song sung in a ship's forecastle that would be recognised as a sailor's song. The grand old songs of Dibdin such as "Tom Bowling," "The Anchor's Weighed," etc., were tacitly tabooed and replaced by the banalities of the "Marble Arch," My Lancashire Lass" and "The Captain with his Whiskers." Volunteer Captain be it noted.

How or when men learned to sing these Chanties would be a difficult question but for the fact that all heavy work of heaving or hauling or hoisting was accompanied by them and thus the melodies were unconsciously absorbed even by the least tunefully minded sailor. But the great majority of these tunes undoubtedly emanated from the negroes of the Antilles and the Southern states, a most tuneful race if ever there was one, men moreover who seemed unable to pick up a ropeyarn without a song. It is impossible for me to forget when I first heard the Chanty which I have called "Mudder Dinah!" No. 1 of this collection. We were discharging general cargo in the Demerara River off Georgetown, and all the wonder I could spare, being a first voyage laddie, was given to the amazing negroes who, not content with flinging their bodies about as they hove at the winch, sang as if their lives depended upon maintaining the volume of sound at the same time, while the sweat ran in rivulets down their shining black bodies.

Judged by the ordinary standard their lot was of the hardest, their pay was one shilling a day, and their food—well a halfpenny roll of bread and a couple of ounces of sugar, or two baked plaintains and a bit of salt fish, never more than a snack of the coarsest food was all they brought with them, and they were absurdly grateful for a weevilly, maggotty biscuit, which was all we had to give them. And they worked! gracious heavens! how they all worked. Let me say at once that whoso has seen a black man pushing a truck laden with a hogshead of sugar (weighing a ton) along a street in James Town, Barbadoes and then will call him lazy is a liar! and I don't care who he is. I have never seen any men work harder or more gaily than negroes when they were allowed to sing.

Yet if I know anything of the matter these black men were absolutely and entirely happy. Their whole soul was in their work and their song, and if by chance either stopped for a moment there were roars of laughter, the feeblest joke was enough to set them writhing in a very ecstasy of mirth. Judge then of the criminality that could convert these underpaid, underfed black men from the rollicking happy children they were into cruel sullen loafers only keen to do harm.

However, nothing was farther from my thoughts than all this when I first heard "Mudder Dinah" and being extremely fond of singing I became most anxious to learn it, so I asked one of our two boat-boys to teach me. Had I offered him a sovereign he could not have been more delighted. He set about his pleasant task at once but was very soon pulled up by his mate who demanded in indignant tones what he meant by teaching "dat buckra chile" dem rude words. They nearly had a fight over it and then I learned that the words didn't matter, that you varied them accordingly to taste, but as taste was generally low and broad the words were usually what my negro friend called, in cheerful euphemism, rude.

By this time I had grown used to the extraordinary way in which the singing of these songs and labouring in rhythmical accord with them seemed not merely to cure weariness but to prevent it from appearing, and I also noted another thing, that it prompted good temper and cheerfulness, thus being one of the very greatest factors in the singer's happiness. But I was too young to think much about these things then, and so I concentrated my attention upon learning the songs I heard. In this way I acquired numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 in this collection and I have never heard them anywhere else. They are negro Chanties all right enough, but they were not in common use on board ship. If however it be demurred that the time is long since I learned them and memory may fail me, I can only reply that I heard them every day for about a month, that I have never forgotten a tune I once learned, no matter how long ago it may have been, and consequently the correctness of these airs may be thoroughly relied on.

We come now to what I suppose has been since its introduction, the prime favourite Chanty, "Sally Brown." But my most pleasant memory of it is not when weighing the anchor or working the flywheel pumps, but on sundry Saturday nights at the Savage Club, when the delighted Savages did their best to lift the roof off the great Clubroom at Adelphi Terrace, and the mighty volume of sound must have been heard on the farther bank of the Thames. Truly it is a noble air, even if the words of the Chorus are of the most banal—but I need not repeat that the tune's the thing. No. 6 is typically negro and no white man could hope to reproduce the extraordinary effects imparted to it by a crowd of enthusiastic black men. No. 7 is an old, old, favourite with the white sailor, but it is full of melancholy, it reminds one very much of the moaning of the wind before a gale. Yet it is much beloved and was probably more frequently sung than any other Chanty when getting under weigh either outward or homeward bound.

No. 8 I should call a stately Chanty. It embodies all the admiration that a sailor used to feel for a great seaman; gives it expression as it were, though I have never been able to learn who the antitype of Stormalong could have been. I suspect that he was just the embodiment of all the prime seamen the sailor had ever known, and in the song he voiced his heart's admiration. No. 9 sums up all the hatred of a ship that had been accumulating during the voyage. To sing it before the last day or so on board was almost tantamount to mutiny, and was apt even at the latest date to be fiercely resented by Captain and Officers, It was a whole Commination service in itself and was sung as if everybody singing fully meant it to be so accepted. I must also say that it was often more than justified.

No. 10 brings to my mind most vividly a dewy morning in Garden Reach where we lay just off the King of Oudh's palace awaiting our permit to moor. I was before the mast in one of Bates' ships, the "Herat," and when the order came at dawn to man the windlass I raised this Chanty and my shipmates sang the chorus as I never heard it sung before or since. There was a big ship called the "Martin Scott" lying inshore of us and her crew were all gathered on

deck at their coffee when the order came to "'Vast heaving," cable was short. And that listening crew, as soon as we ceased singing, gave us a stentorian cheer, an unprecedented honour. I have never heard that noble Chanty sung since, but sometimes even now I can in fancy hear its mellow notes reverberating amid the fantastic buildings of the palace and see the great flocks of pigeons rising and falling as the strange sounds disturbed them.

No. 11 is a fine Chanty of the ordinary windlass or pump type, the main word of which is again Shanandoah, the old Southern name that the negroes would drag in, on account of its melody I suspect. And No. 12 sounds suspiciously like some old English melody that has been pressed into sea service as a chanty, but it is none the worse for that. No. 13 is negro pure and simple, but calls for no comment. Especially when it is followed by the noble "Rio Grande." This is probably the grandest Chanty known. It seems to appeal to all, giving as it does such splendid possibilities of sound to its open vowels. It can never be forgotten when it has once been heard pealing over a quiet anchorage, while the musical clatter of the windlass pawls adds a quaint accompaniment unlike that of any orchestration yet attempted.

Very mournful is No. 15, so mournful that one suspects it of being the lament of some just sold slaves sent from one State to another without reference to any human ties they may have possessed. This Chanty was very seldom used except where negroes formed a considerable portion of the crew. No. 16 for some occult reason has always been a favourite Chanty. Why the famous Mexican General Sant 'Ana should thus be continually sung in British ships was and must ever remain a mystery. Appropriately enough, I first made its acquaintance in Sant 'Ana itself, a lawless mahogany port in the Gulf of Mexico.

No. 17 is an exceedingly fine spirited Chanty, apart altogether from its trivial words. It was always a great favourite and justly so, though I gladly confess that my most pleasant recollections of it are connected with the Savage Club where its fine chorus used to be uplifted strenuously by the full force of the brother Savages assembled. No. 18 is a mystery both as to its origin and the reason why it should have been such a favourite. Disliking it as I did, I never gave it when I was Chantyman, but of course there were others, and the brevet rank of Chantyman carried with it no monopoly; if another man knew a Chanty and wished to sing it he did unless silenced by the collective voice, which was rarely the case.

The next five Chanties have very little to distinguish them. The tunes are good but not super-excellent and from the great similarity between them I suspect No. 22 to have been borrowed from our old friend "Camptown Races." Or the reverse. It does not do to be too dogmatic about these things, especially when one remembers the versatility of the negro and the way in which his melodies have continually been annexed for popular songs sung by imitation negro minstrels.

And now we come to a number of Chanties whose choruses were especially adapted for taking two pulls in them. They were exceedingly useful, but I have known a crew worked up to such a pitch of fervour and exertion that they did not hear the mate's shouted "belay!" when they were hoisting a topsail yard, with the result that the halliards parted under the furious stress and the great yard came down with a run. Fortunately the lifts were good or serious damage would have resulted, yard cracked in the slings perhaps, for it is no joke to have a spar weighing a ton and a half even without sail and gear fall a distance of 20 feet on to its middle.

These Chanties call for no particular mention perhaps and yet I must except No. 29. The ceremony of Neptune's visit on crossing the Line had died out when I went to sea, except in passenger ships, where it was kept up for the passengers' amusement. The reason why is a comprehensive one, the crews had become too scanty and the jovial spirit was gone. But another ceremony I never saw omitted and with just as good reason; it appealed to every man before the mast and he performed it in his own time. It came at the conclusion of the first month on board during all which time Jack, with the most infrequent exceptions, had been clearing off his month's advance, or as he would have put it, working off his "dead horse." The accompanying

festivities varied of course according to the ship and the facilities given, but the proceedings were usually as follows. A collection of combustibles was made and bundled up into a mass to which was attached a rope. Through a block at the main-yard-arm another rope was rove in readiness, this latter being very old and worthless. Then all hands available took hold of the rope which was attached to the great bundle and, singing the Chanty I have numbered 29, hauled that bundle right round the deck. Finally it was lighted and hauled up to about ten feet from the yard-arm, and when it had attained a good blaze the rope was cut and it fell into the sea to the deafening accompaniment of piercing yells and shouts. The "Dead Horse" was over.

No. 30 calls for a little special notice because I learned it from a Spaniard, a stevedore engaged in stowing a cargo of mahogany which I shipped when I was mate of a pretty little barquentine in Tonala, Mexico. They, the stevedores, used many Chanties hauling the big logs about the hold, but this was a new one to me and hearing it so often I absorbed it, feeling that it was a very good one. No. 31 is the sailors' tribute to the greatness of Napoleon and the rest up to No. 36 call for no special remark. But then we have Nos. 37, 38 and 39 which are in a class by themselves. I have called them "fore sheet Chanties" because they were always sung when hauling at that great rope with one collective drag. But "Haul the Bowline" is an anomaly. The Bowline was a weak rope used merely to extend and keep from shaking the weather leech (edge) of foresail or mainsail. Under no circumstances could or would it require any collective force or Chanty to haul it home. Yet the Chanty is, and was, used continually for the fore and main sheet.

No. 40 is unique among the Chanties in that it was never used but for one purpose, which was to get up the bunt of a course. Oh dear, Oh dear, what a lot of technicality and how much explanation it needs. In furling a sail such as foresail or mainsail, the bulk of the canvas is bunched into the middle, is there gathered into a smooth conical bundle and is called a bunt. To get it on to the yard requires a great collective effort and for this "Paddy Doyle's boots" is exactly suited and was so used.

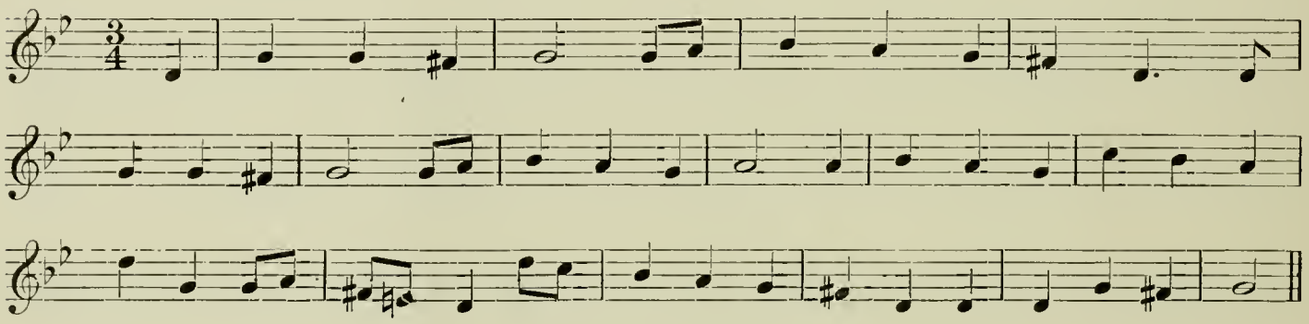
No. 41 and 42 are not Chanties at all, and strictly speaking have no right in this collection, but my friend Arnold has used such convincing arguments for their inclusion that here they are, as I remember them, and may they please as well as they have ever done.

F. T. B.

Notes to the two Sea Songs.

Strictly speaking Sea Songs should not find a place in what is primarily a collection of Chanties, but exception must be made in the case of these two fine old tunes. No book dealing with the music of the sea would be complete without them. Although they are not Chanties, yet they have about them the real atmosphere of the sea and sea life, and it was felt that to exclude them from this collection would be to disappoint the majority of those interested into whose hand it may chance to fall. Also there are so many versions of these tunes in circulation, many of them of modern origin and re-written almost out of all recognition, that any version emanating from an acknowledged authority on Sea Songs, as Mr. Bullen assuredly is, should, and no doubt will prove most acceptable. Let that then be the justification for their inclusion in this collection

The origin of "Spanish Ladies" is shrouded in the mists of antiquity. Chappell in his "Popular music of the olden time" prints this tune under the heading "Traditional tunes of uncertain date." His version of the melody, (which he received with one verse of the words from a certain Lord Vernon) runs thus—



The version assimilated by Mr. Bullen during his ocean wanderings and set down in this book far transcends the above from a musical point of view and is a notable addition to the music of the sea. Its tonality is curious. Commencing in F minor, it modulates in the second section or repeat to F major and concludes in G minor, a tone higher than the starting key. Note also the quarter tones. It is a fine old tune and says Mr. Bullen, "Its wailing minor has the very voice of the hungry Channel in it for all who will hear."

"Lowlands Low" is yet another of the many versions of an old song which probably had its origin in the 17th century. Mr. John Ashton in his book "Real Sailor Songs," gives a ballad called "Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Lowlands." In his notes he says, "the date of this ballad is uncertain, but it is thought to be about 1635." It was about this time that the Mediterranean Corsairs or Barbary Rovers were at the height of their power. These pirates hailing chiefly from the lawless ports of North Africa, but numbering among them renegades of all nationalities, belonged to a Robber State, founded and governed by the Turks, with their headquarters at Algiers. They overran the whole of the Mediterranean Sea, to the great terror and distress of all seamen whose business carried them to those waters. Becalmed and defenceless, ships fell an easy prey to the well manned galleys of the Corsairs, who having

despoiled the ships of their valuable cargoes, enslaved the crews and subjected them to the nameless horrors of a cruel bondage until death or a large ransom came to their release. Many Englishmen were held to ransom and endured terrible sufferings at the hands of these pirates. Their daring and effrontery finally earned for them the wrath of Cromwell. Admiral Robert Blake was sent to the Mediterranean with a fleet of war vessels in 1654 and his operations were of so drastic a nature as to effectively check their activities for some time. But despite severe chastisement at a later date by British and other fleets (including the attack on Algiers by Lord Exmouth in 1816) the Algerian pirates cruised as far as the North Sea early in the 19th century, and it was not until the French took final possession of Algiers in 1830 that the power of the Barbary Rovers was crushed for ever.

It is the doings of these gentry which doubtless inspired the sea song known as "Lowlands Low." Some daring deed attempted against a Turkish "Roveree" by a seaman of humble station, perhaps even a "little ship boy," as the legend hath it—probably forms the foundation of the story. Of course the writer of the ballad has enlarged the incident beyond all the bounds of possibility. The fact that Sir Walter Raleigh was a popular hero must stand as sufficient excuse in itself to warrant the introduction of his name into the story, although it is very doubtful if any such adventure as the verses treat on ever befell that gallant sea-dog. The first two verses of the ballad run thus—

"Sir Walter Raleigh has built a ship
in the Neatherlands,
Sir Walter Raleigh has built a ship
in the Neatherlands,
And it is called the sweet Trinity,
And was taken by the false Gallaly,
Sailing in the Lowlands.
Is there never a seaman bold
in the Neatherlands?
Is there never a seaman bold
in the Neatherlands?
That will go take this false Gallaly,
And to redeem the sweet Trinity,
Sailing in the Lowlands?"

The "little ship-boy" volunteers to do the daring deed, saying,

Master, master, what will you give me,
And I will take this false Gallaly,
And release the sweet Trinity," etc.

"I'll give thee gold and I'll give thee fee,
And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be"

answers the master, whereupon the boy breasts the rolling flood and swims away "in the Neatherlands," bearing with him an auger

"Fit for the nonce"

which will bore

"Fifteen good holes at once,"

in the false Gallaly.

"Some were at cards, and some at dice" on board the doomed Gallaly when the salt water began to ooze through the "fifteen good holes," and

"Some cut their hats and some their caps,
For to stop the salt-water gaps,"

but all to no purpose. The Gallaly sinks with all her crew. The boy, his task accomplished, swims to his own ship again and claims his reward, only to be told that although he shall have

"the gold and the fee" the Master's eldest daughter his "wife shall never be," whereupon the boy answers

"Then fare you well, you cozening Lord,
in the Neatherlands,
Seeing you are not as good as your word,
for sailing in the Low-lands."

And so ends the song,

"Wishing happiness to all seamen, old or young,
in their sailing in the Low-lands."

According to Mr. Ashton, there is (or rather *was*, as it is most likely out of print, the writer has never seen a copy) a spurious edition of the ballad called "The Golden" or "Goulden Vanitee," which used to be sung by Professor Wilson (Christopher North) and has even been imputed to his pen. The first verse ran thus:—

"There was a gallant ship,
And a gallant ship was she,
Eck iddle dee, and the Lowlands low."
And she was called the "Goulden Vanitee"
As she sailed in the Lowlands low."

This was probably the forerunner of the many "Golden Vanitee" versions. But be that as it may, the fact remains that all the modern versions are founded on the old 17th century ballad, and in spite of many differences of construction and the substitution of "Golden Vanitee" for "Sweet Trinity" and "Lowland Sea" for "Low-lands," it is interesting to note in each version how closely the story sticks to the original.

With regard to the tune, there are as many versions of it as there are of the words, but as is the case with the latter, the differences between the tunes are only very slight and the same relationship can be traced through them all. Where the original tune came from is a matter for speculation only, as the melody as we know it, could never have fitted the *old* ballad.

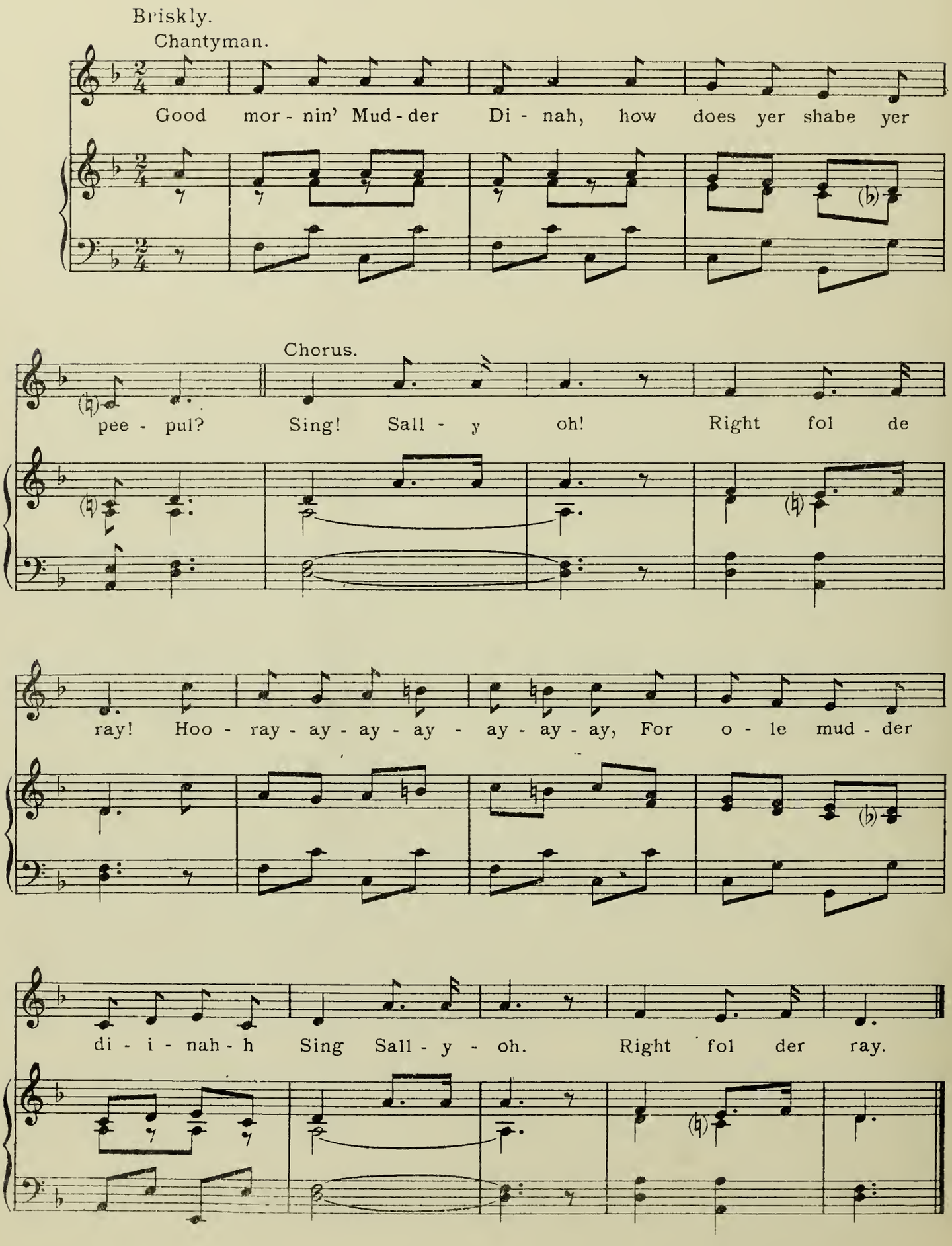
Suffice it to say, that it is a fine one and smacks of the sea, wherever it first originated.

This old Sea-song, re-written and called "The Lowland Sea," makes a splendid baritone or bass song and at the present day is becoming more and more popular with both vocalists and audiences. But of the versions I know, and they are many, the tune as given by Mr. Bullen is in my humble opinion, the best of them all.

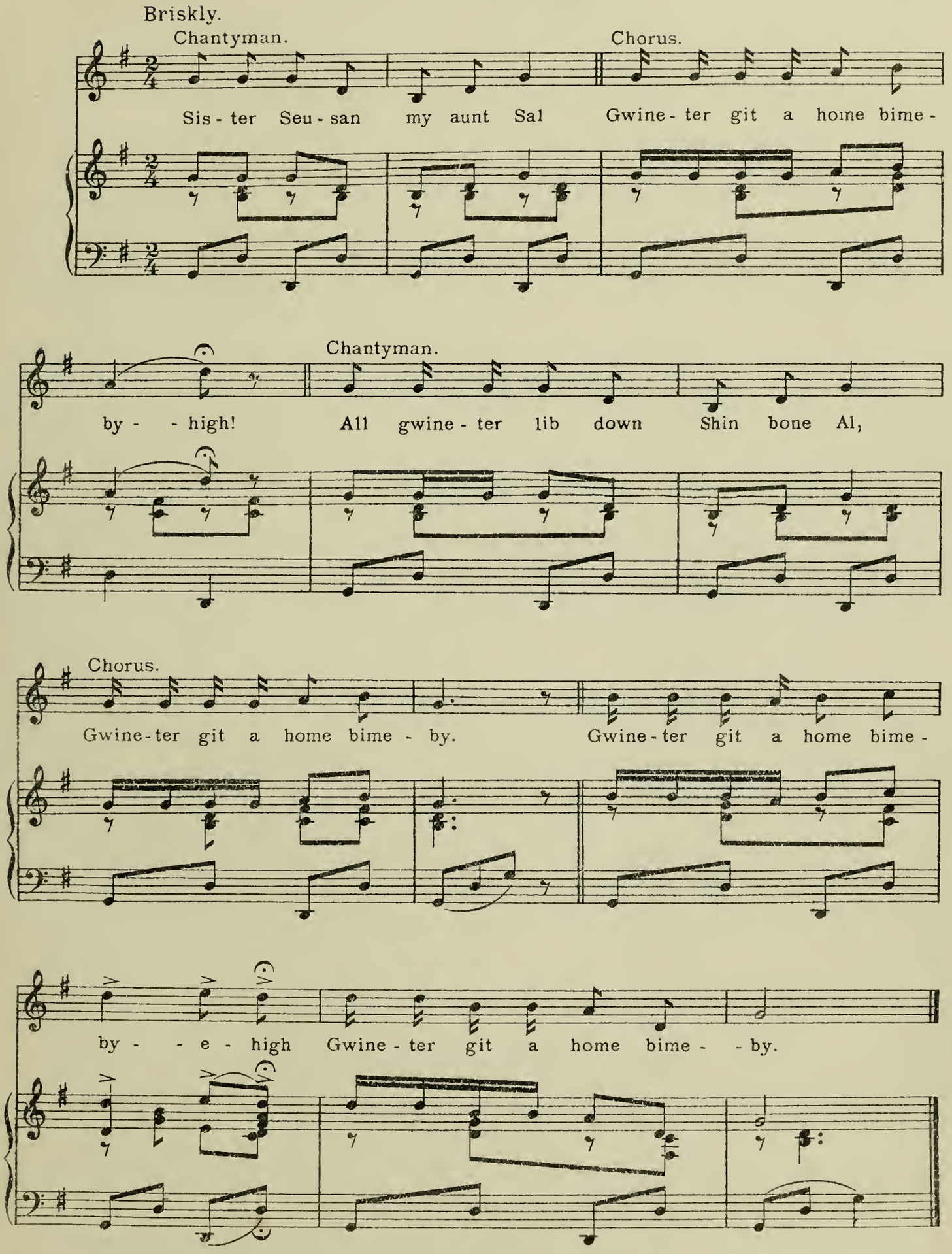
W. F. A.

SONGS OF SEA LABOUR.

1. MUDDER DINAH.

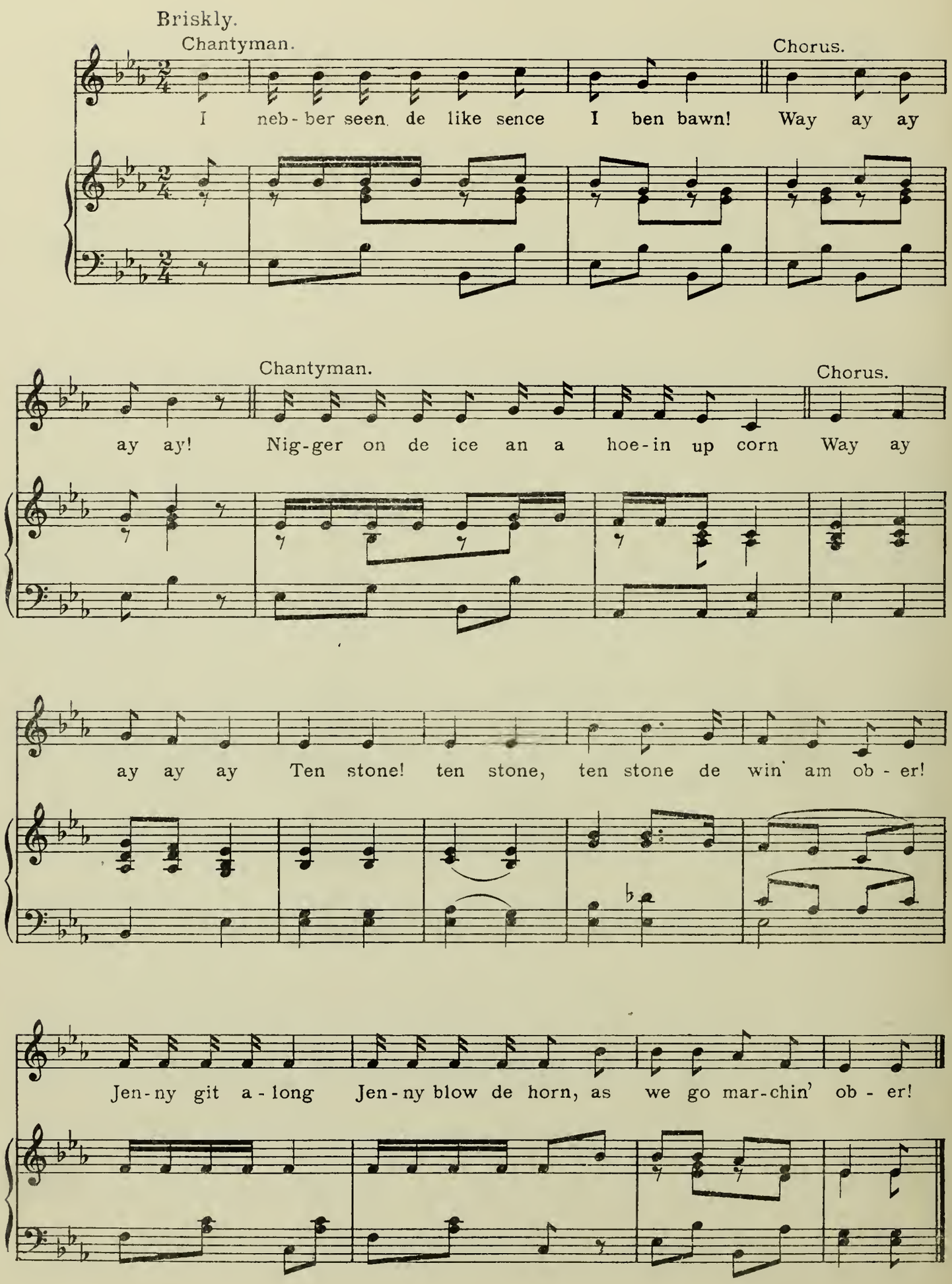


2. SISTER SEUSAN.*)

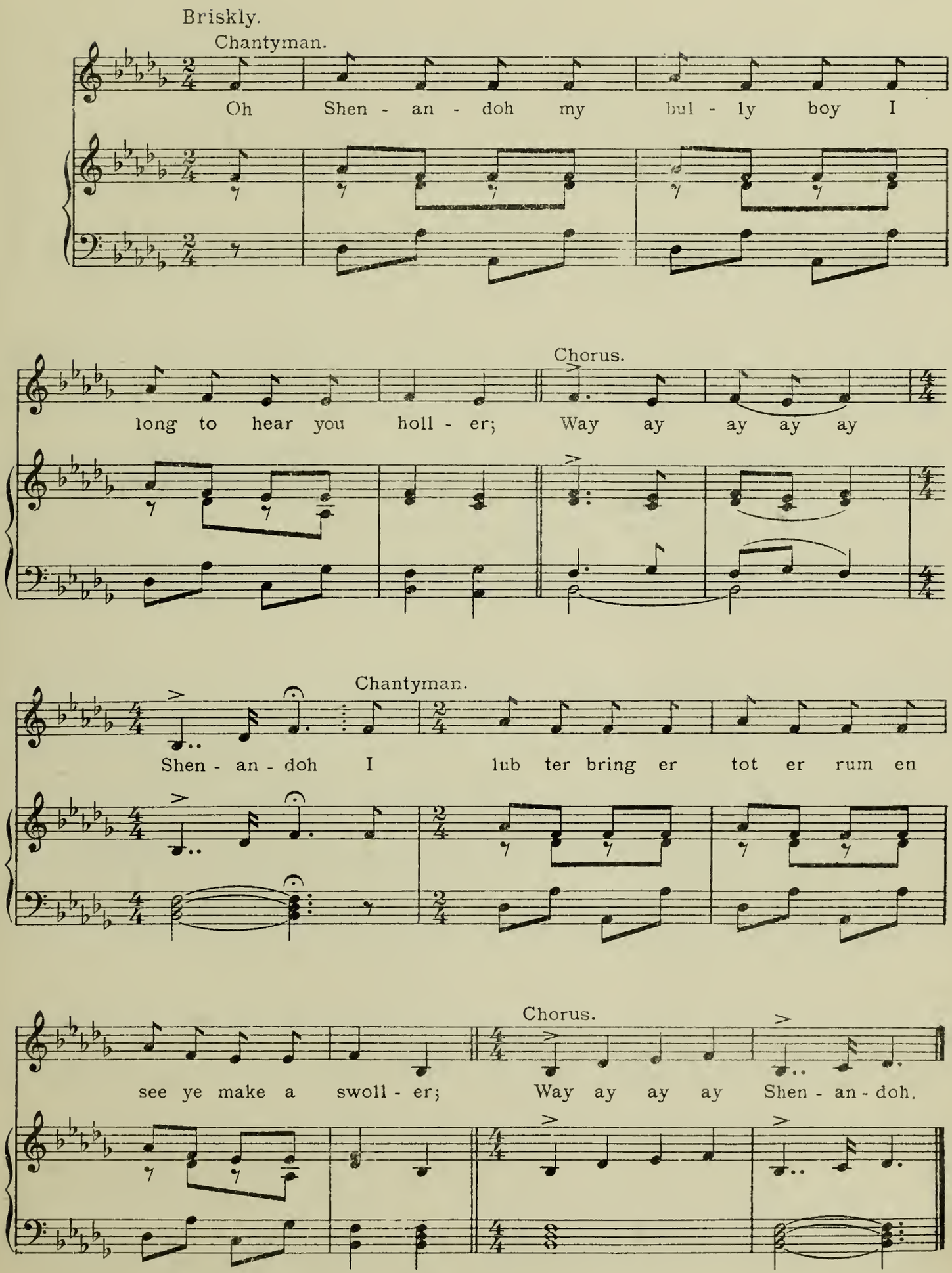


*) The circumstances under which Mr. Bullen first heard this tune are described in his book 'The Log of a Sea Waif.' W. F. A.

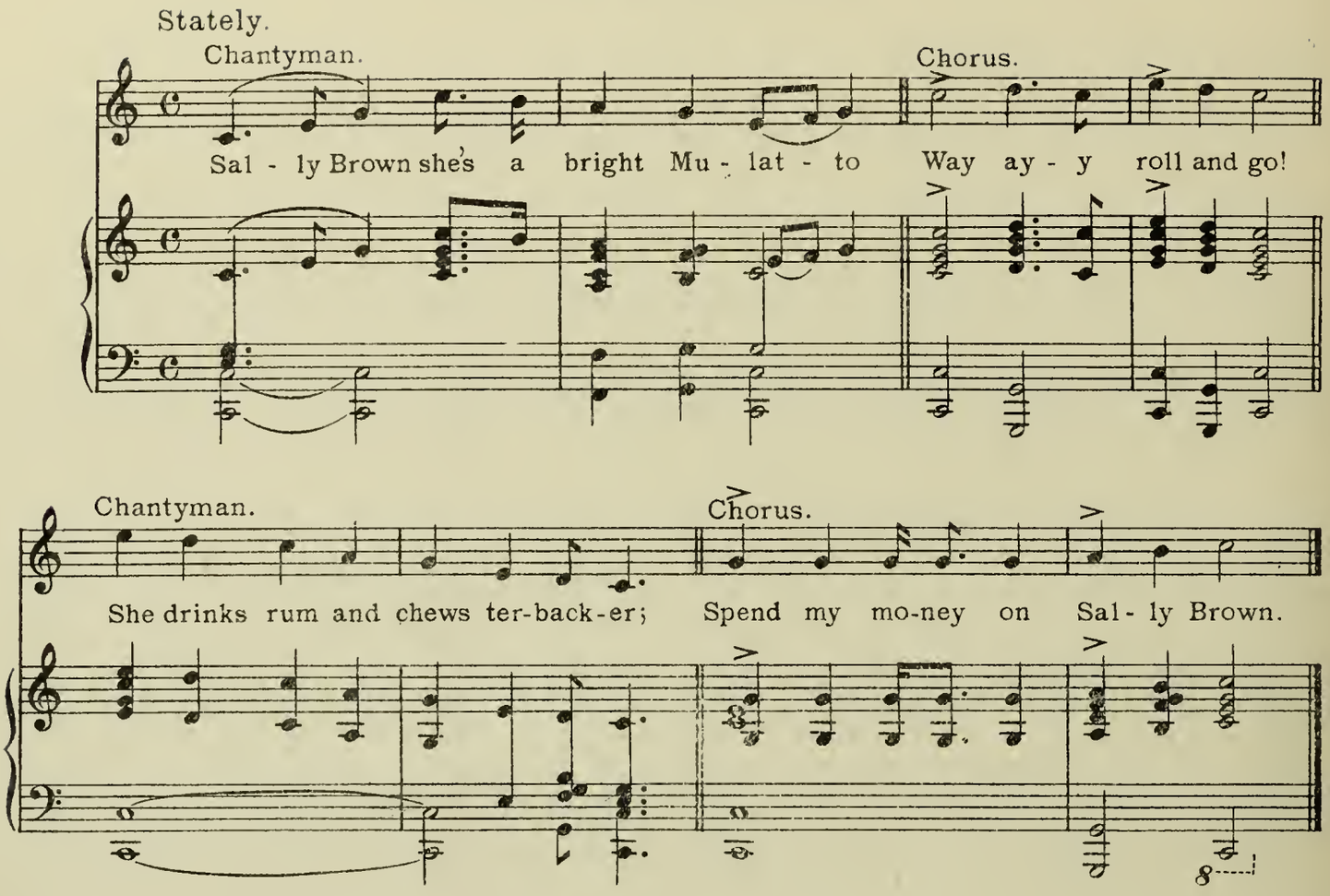
3. TEN STONE.


Briskly.
Chantyman.
Chorus.
I neb-ber seen de like sence I ben bawn! Way ay ay
Chantyman.
Chorus.
ay ay! Nig-ger on de ice an a hoe-in up corn Way ay
ay ay ay Ten stone! ten stone, ten stone de win' am ob-er!
Jen-ny git a-long Jen-ny blow de horn, as we go mar-chin' ob-er!

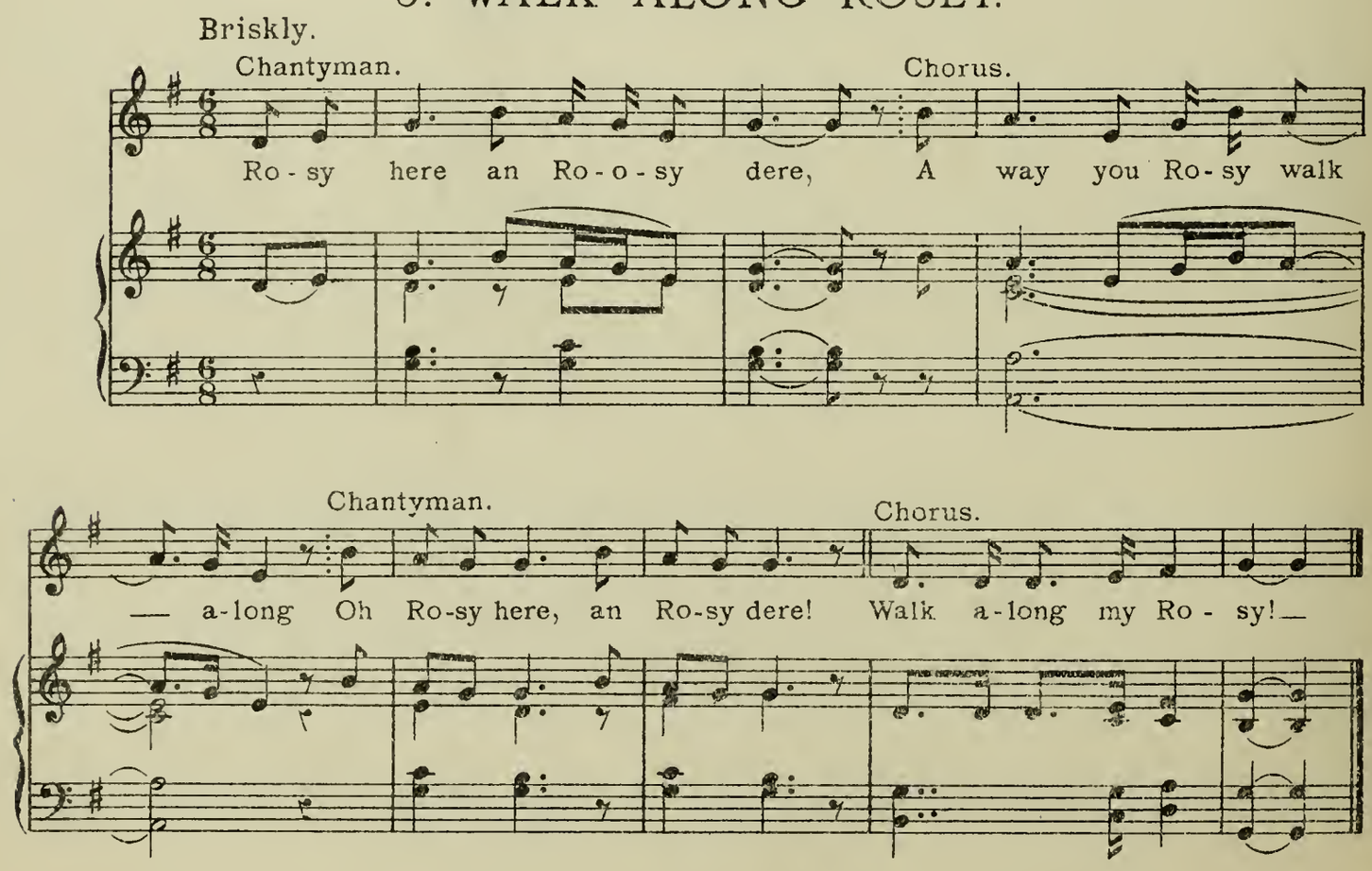
4. SHENANDOAH.



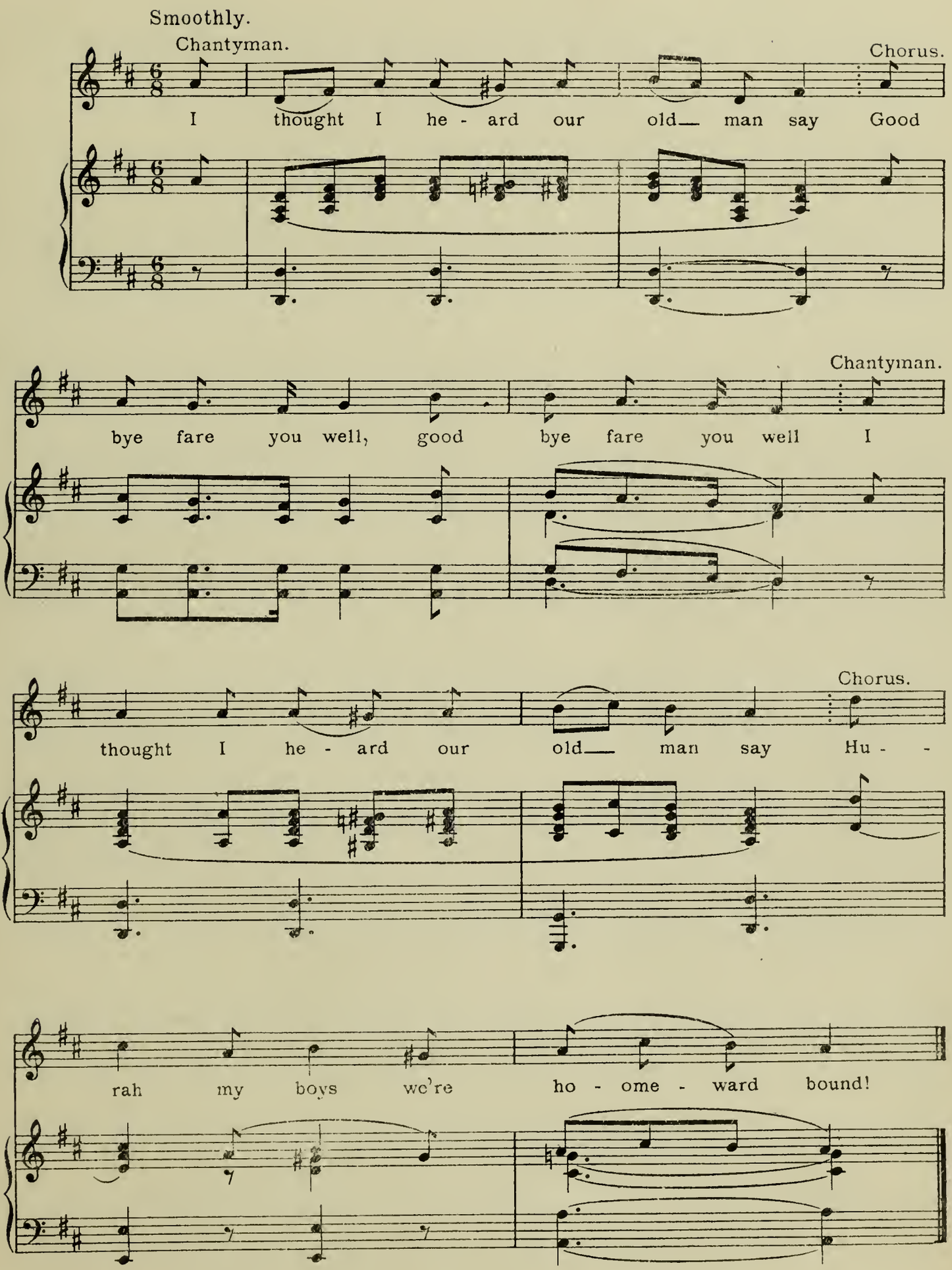
5. SALLY BROWN.



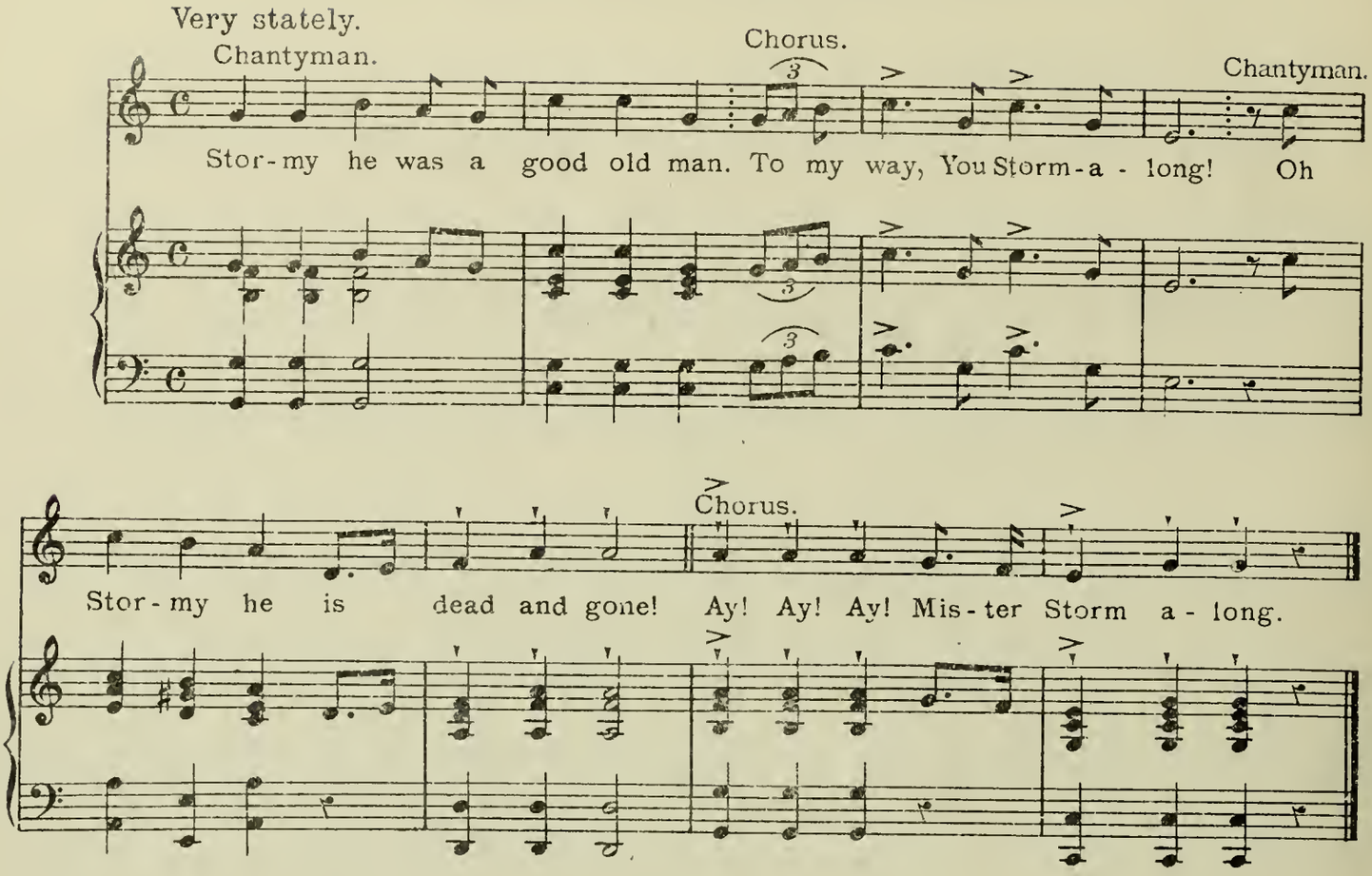
6. WALK ALONG ROSEY.



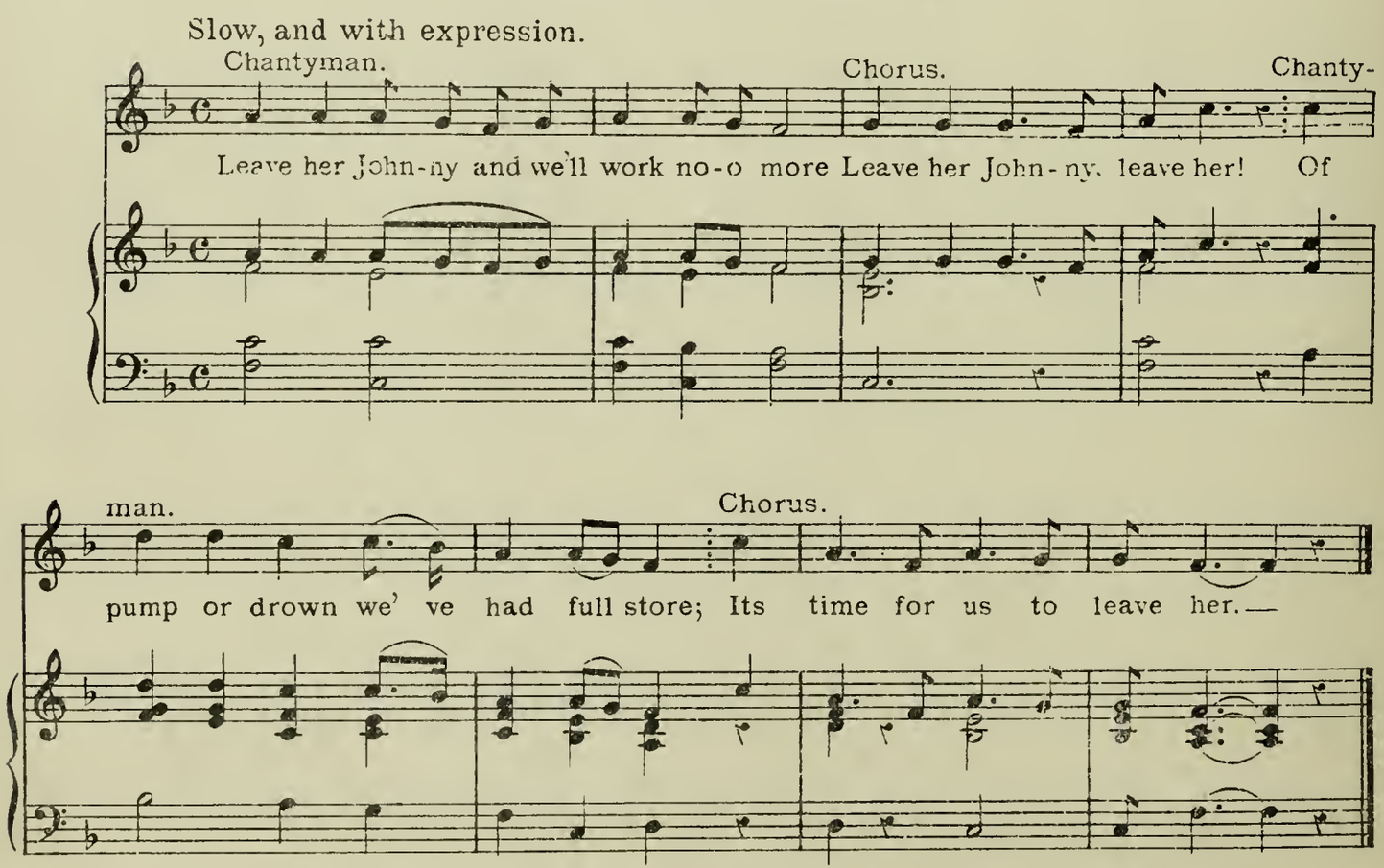
7. GOOD-BYE, FARE-YOU-WELL.



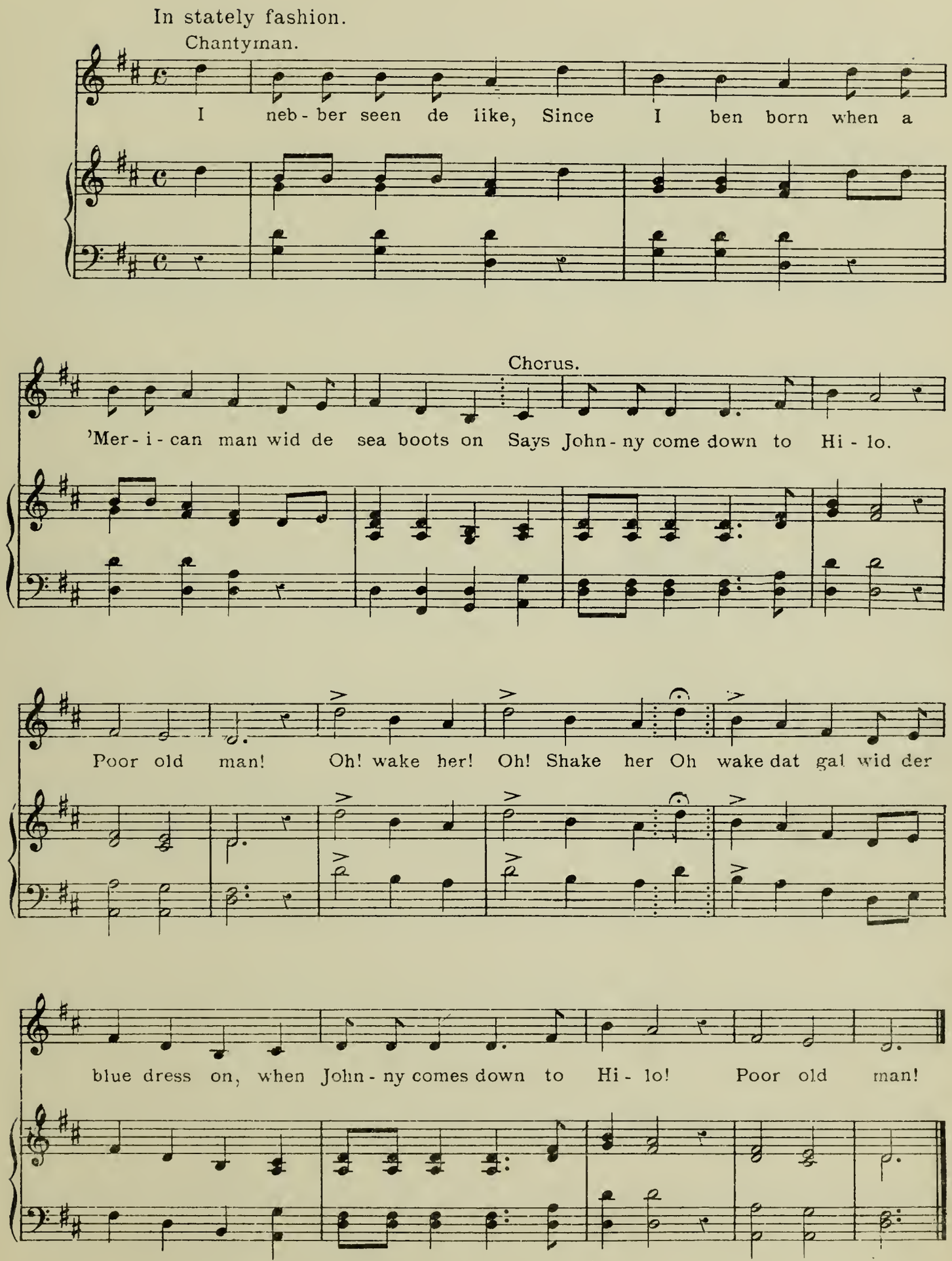
8. STORM-ALONG.



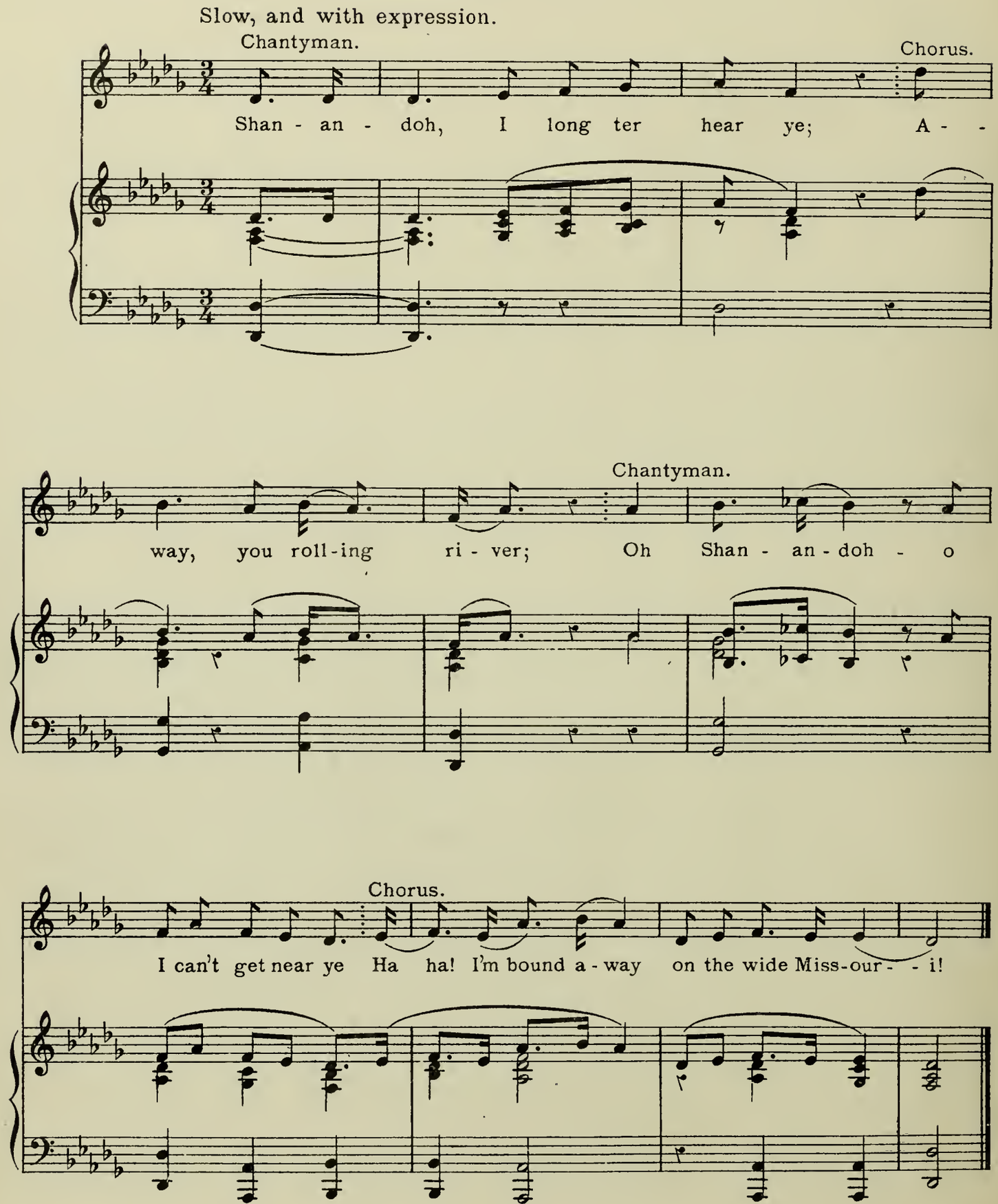
9. LEAVE HER JOHNNY.



10. JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO.



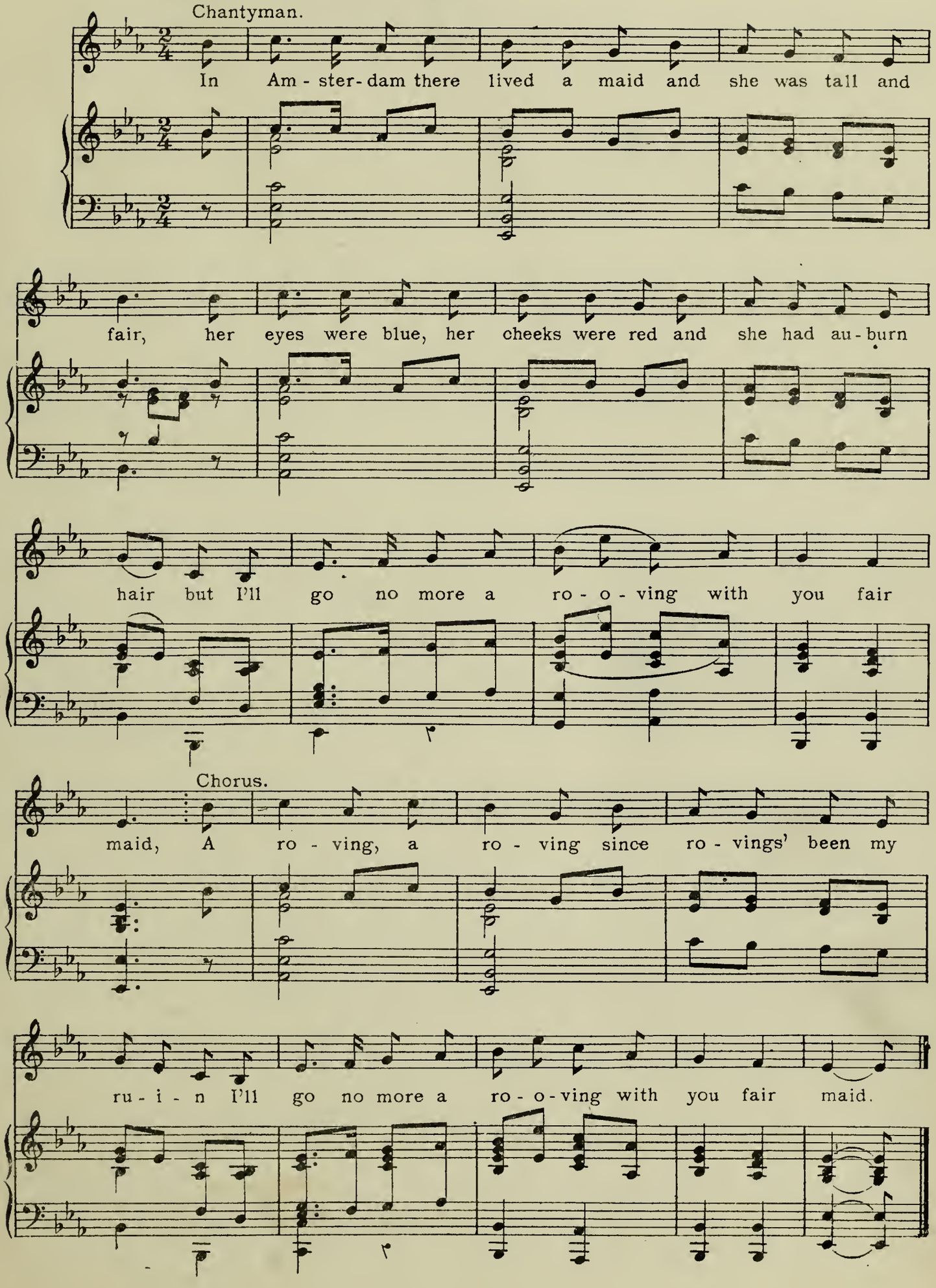
11. ROLLING-RIVER.



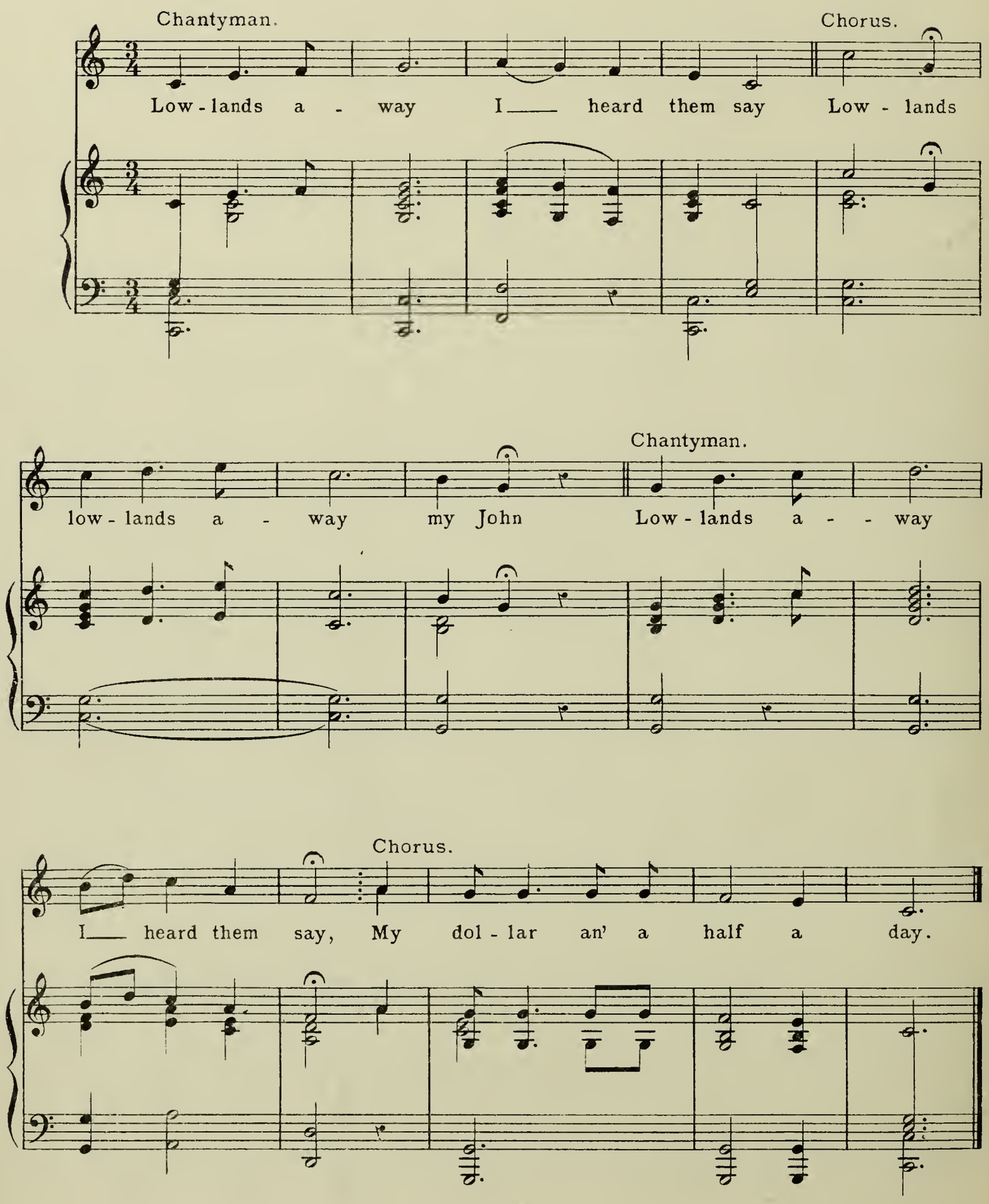
12. A-ROVING.

Briskly and in flowing rhythm.

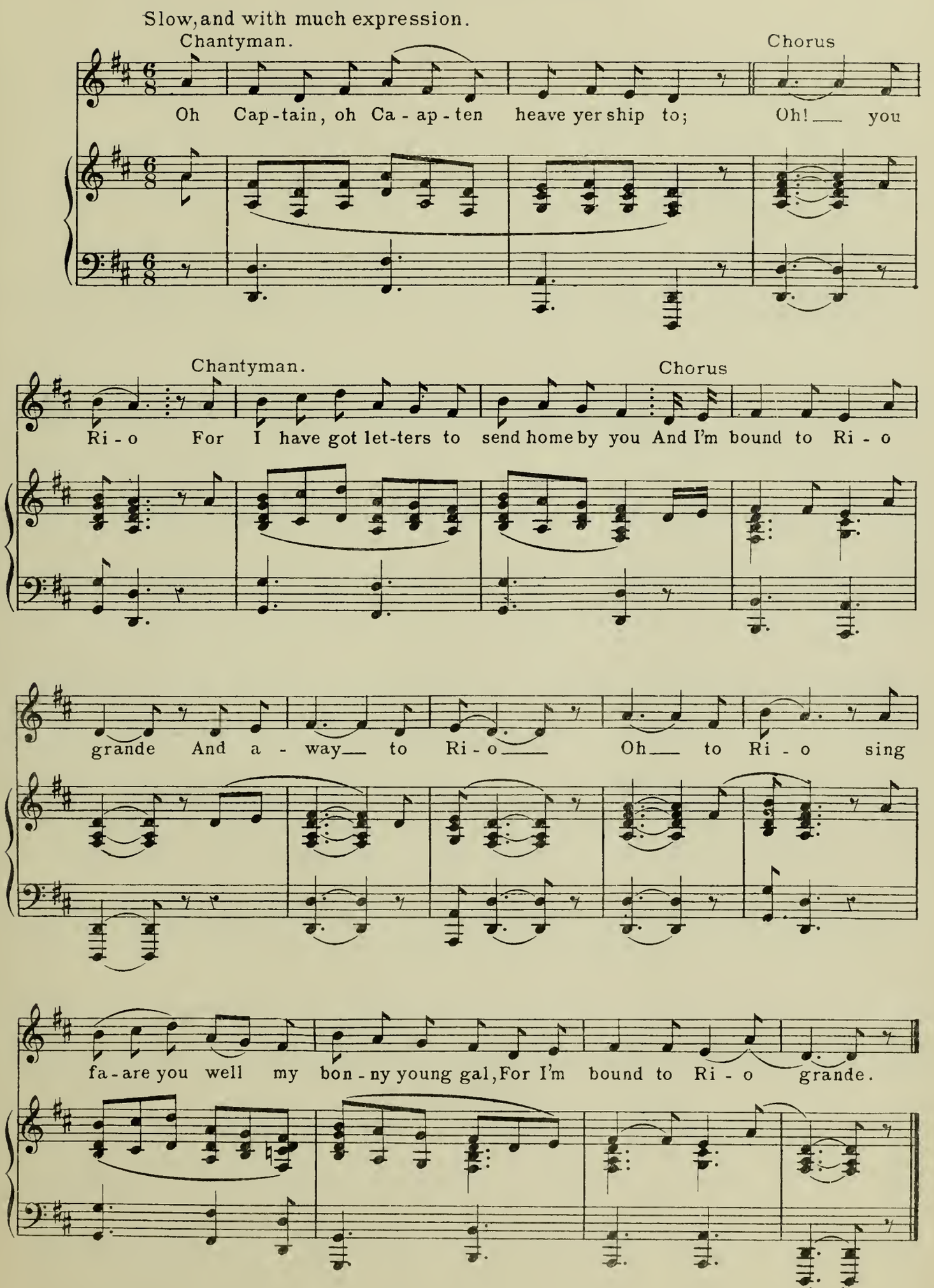
Chantyman.



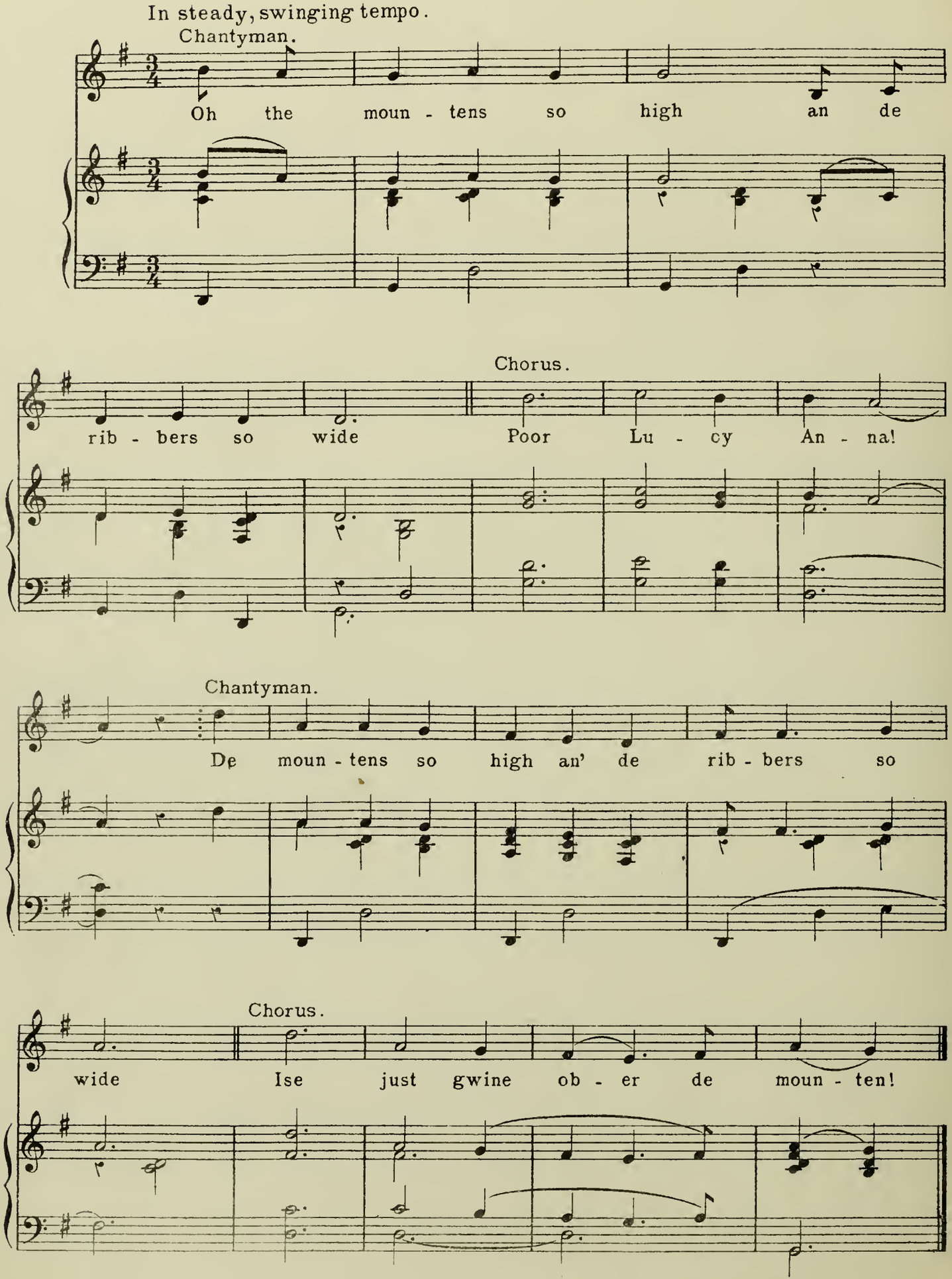
13. LOWLANDS AWAY.



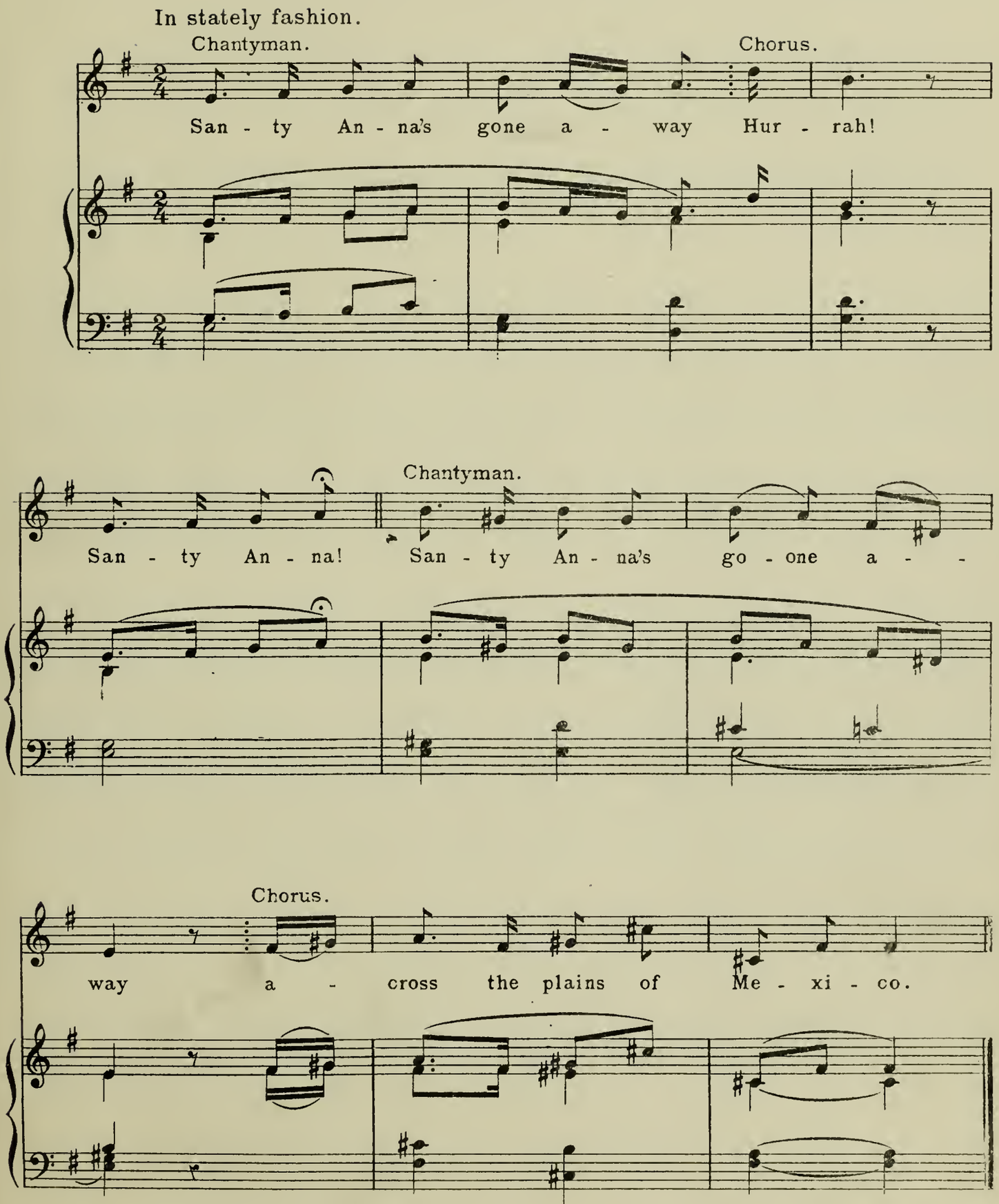
14. RIO GRANDE.



15. POOR LUCY ANNA.

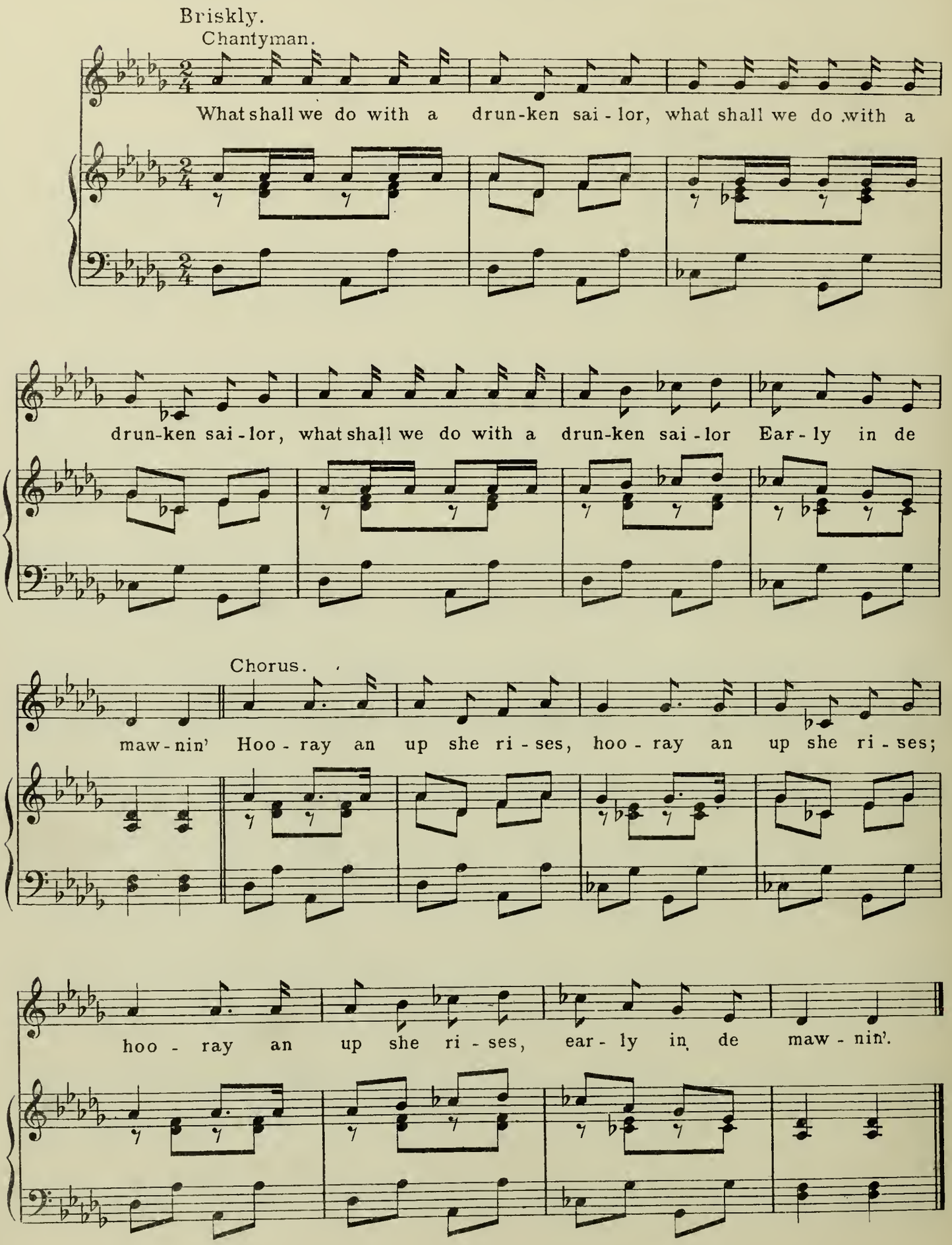


16. SANTY ANNA.*



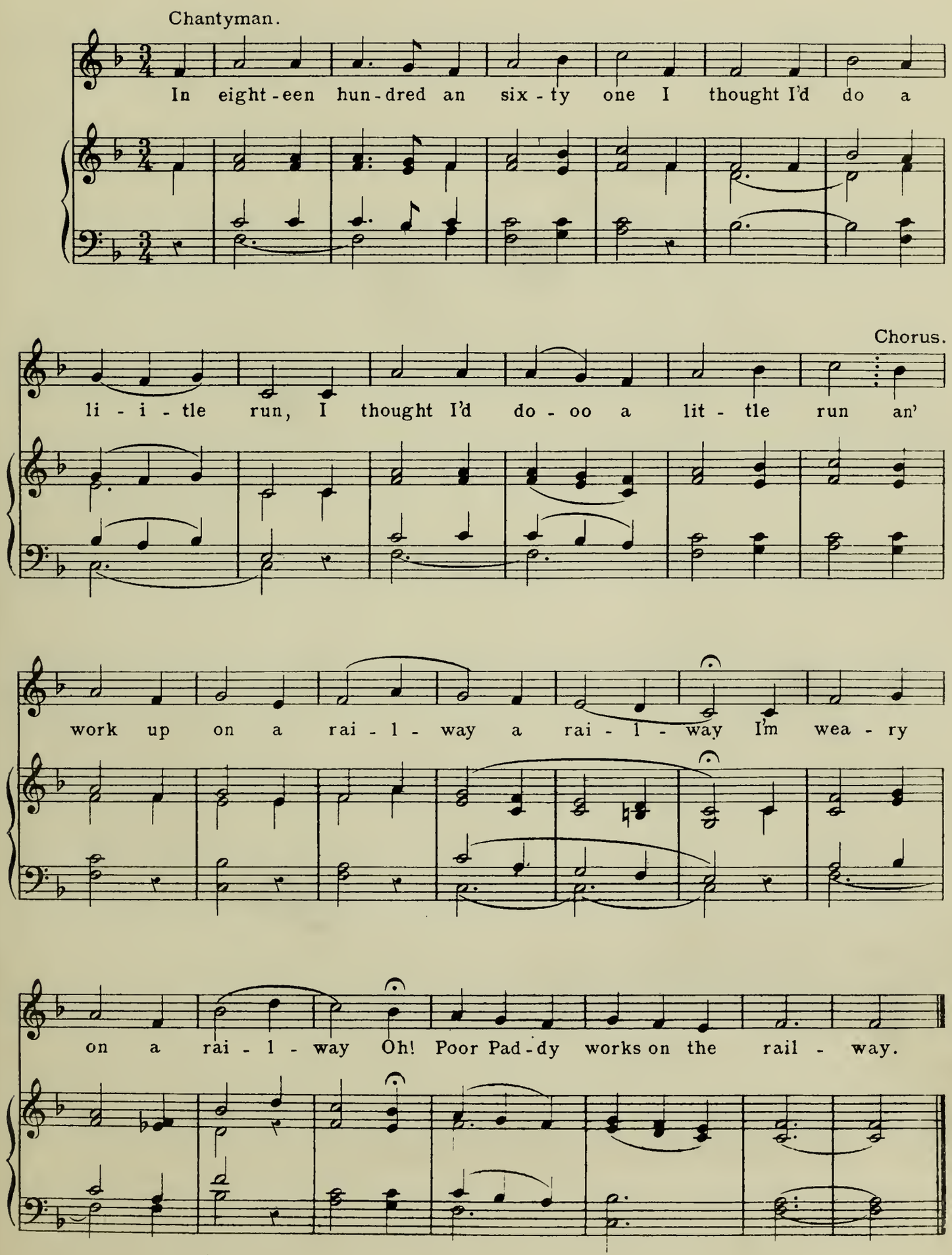
* Note the many changes of key in this tune. (see note in "The music of the chanties")

17. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR.*

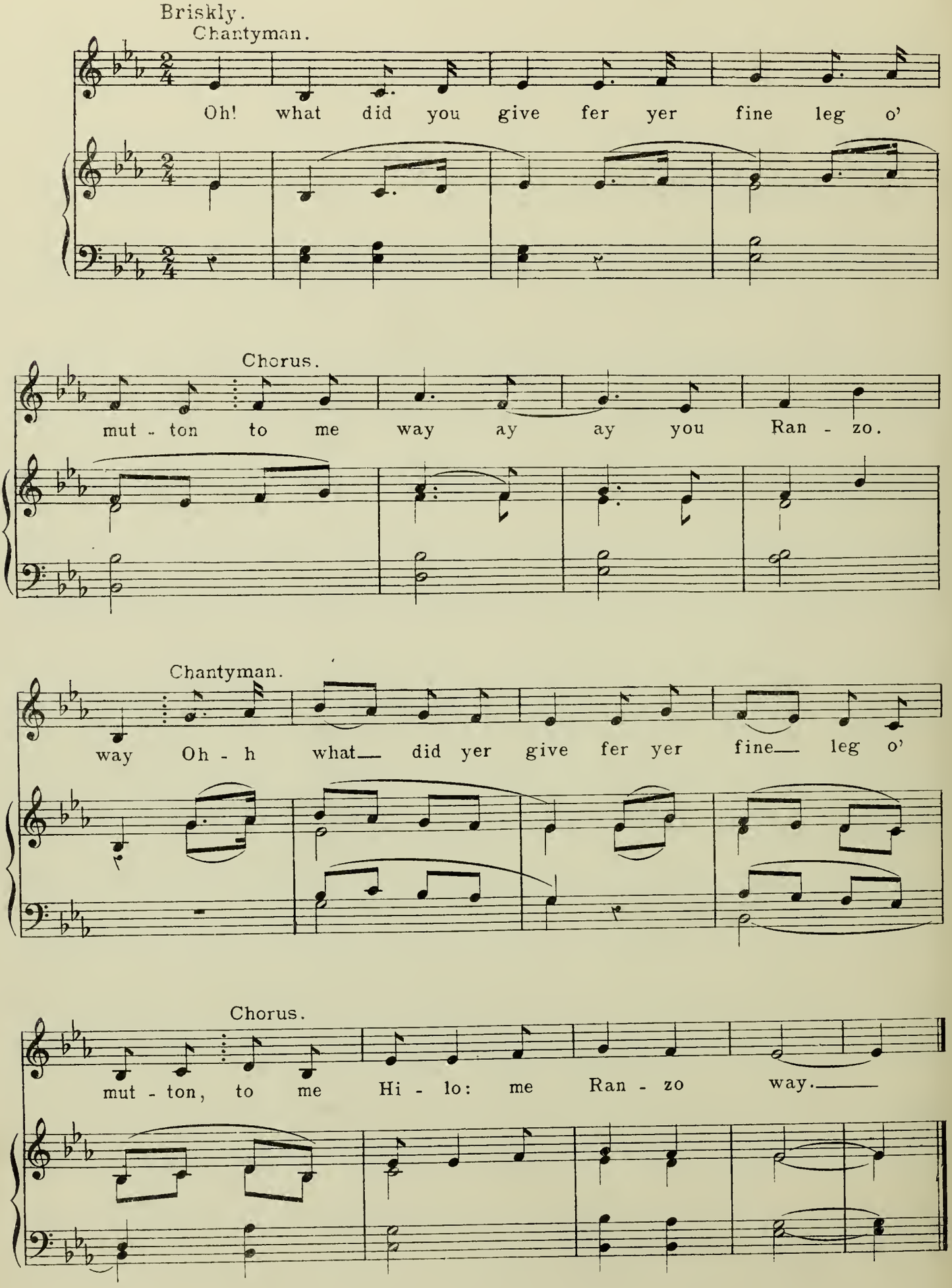


* There is another and better known version of this tune, but the above version given by Mr. Bullen is unique. Its tonal scheme is extraordinary, wavering as it does between D flat major and B major (written as C flat for the sake of convenience) alternately throughout the whole of the tune. W. F. A.

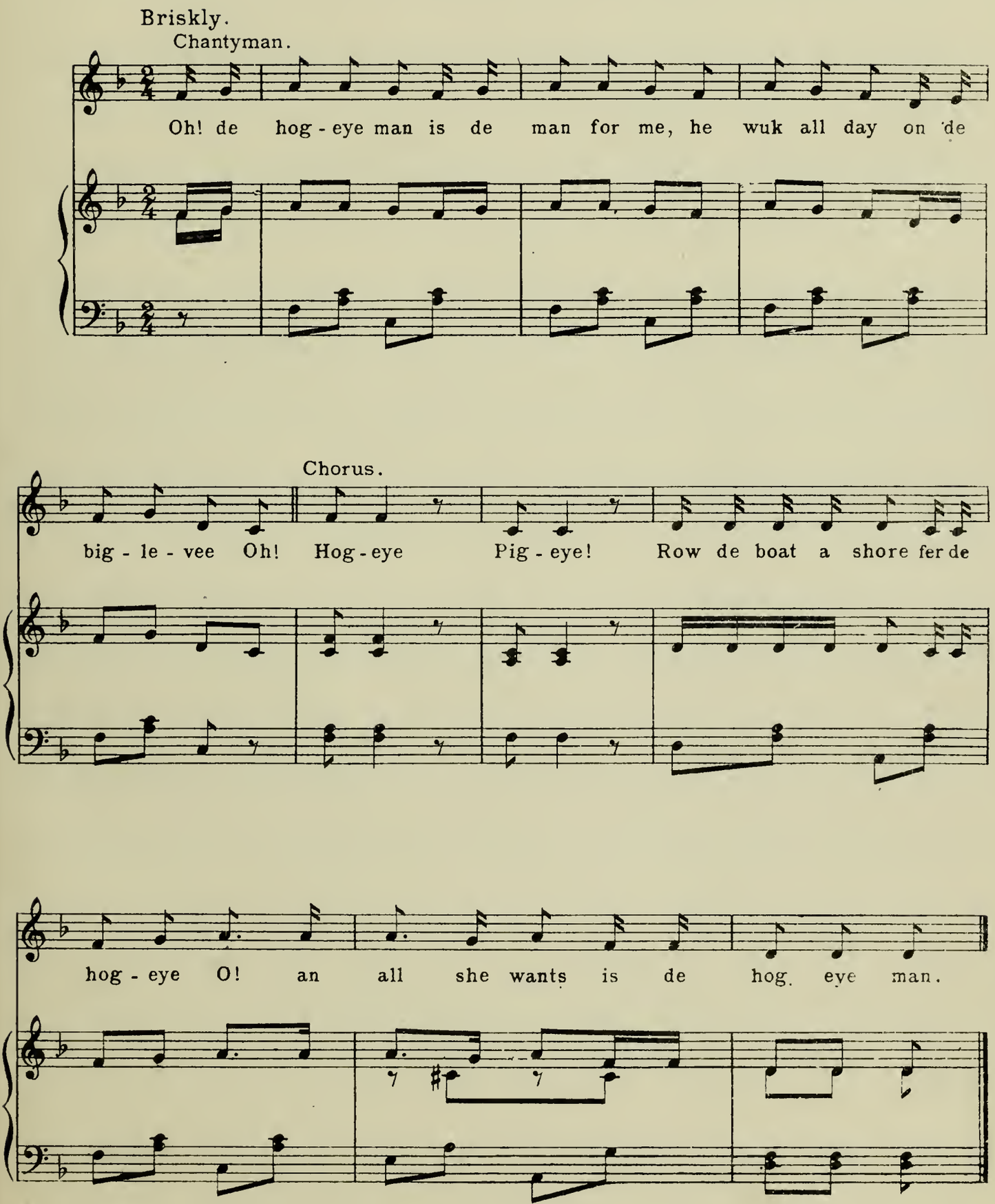
18. POOR PADDY.



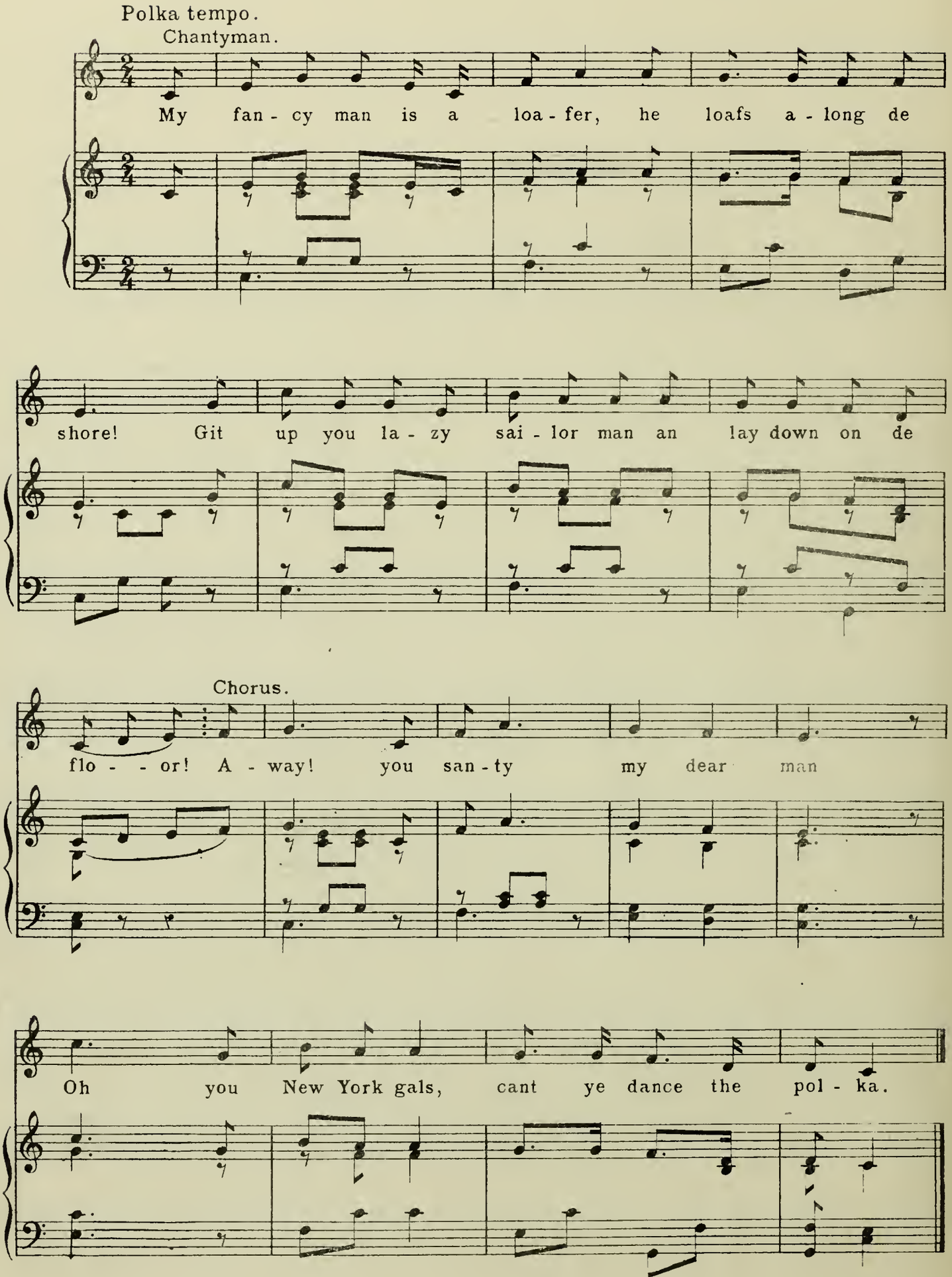
19. OH! WHAT DID YOU GIVE FOR YOUR FINE LEG O' MUTTON?



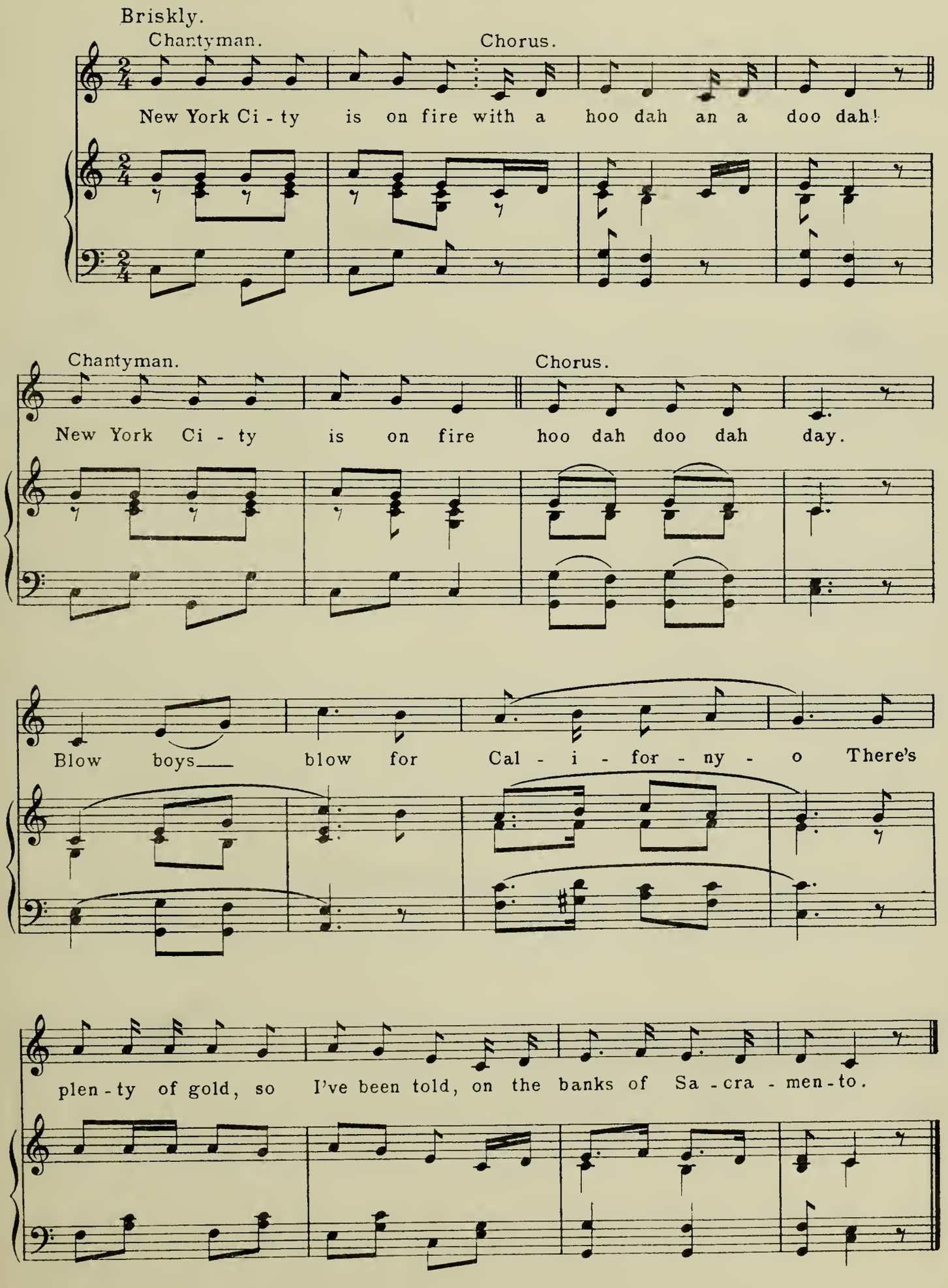
20. HOG-EYE MAN.



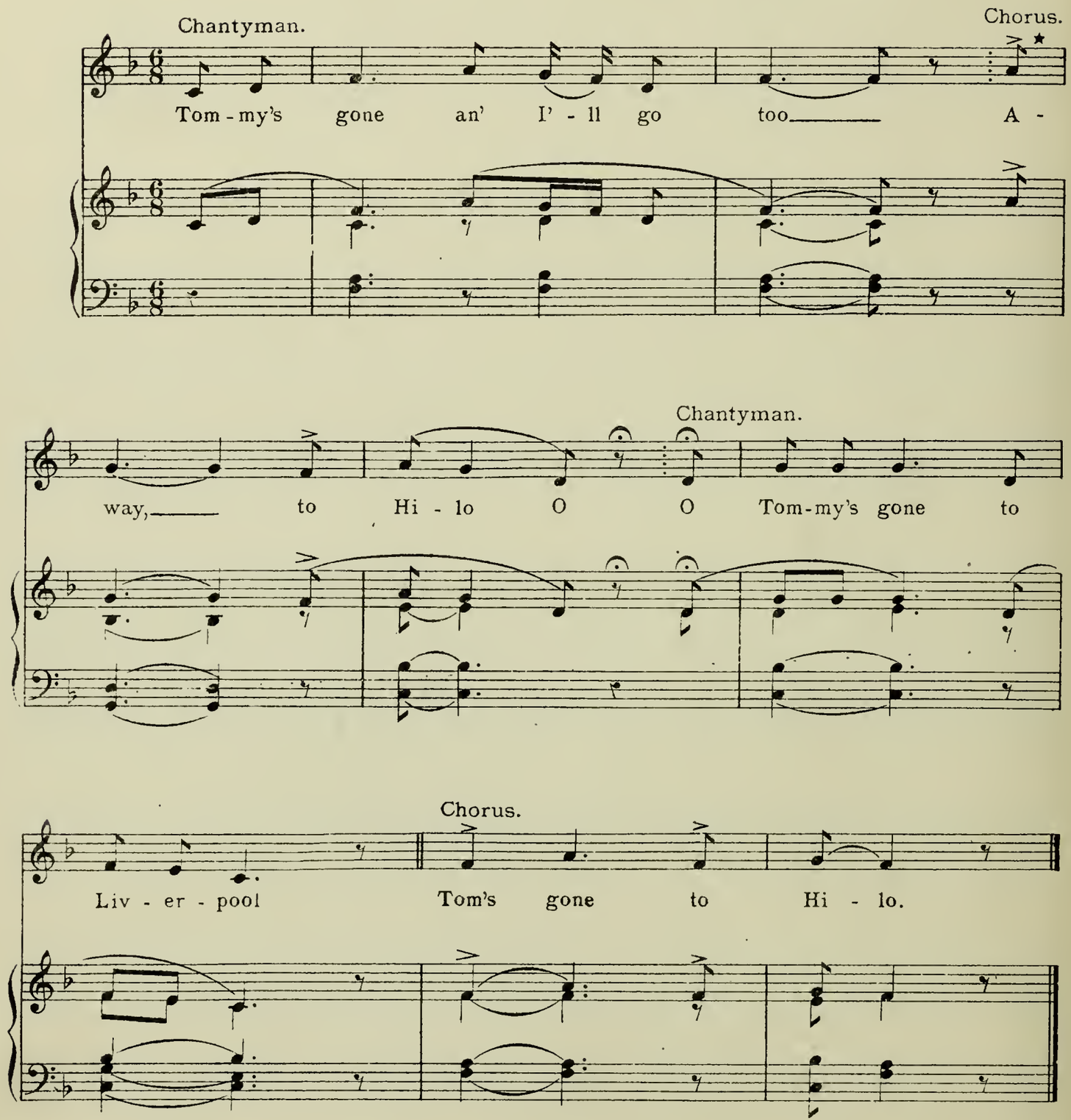
21. CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA.



22. THE BANKS OF THE SACRAMENTO.

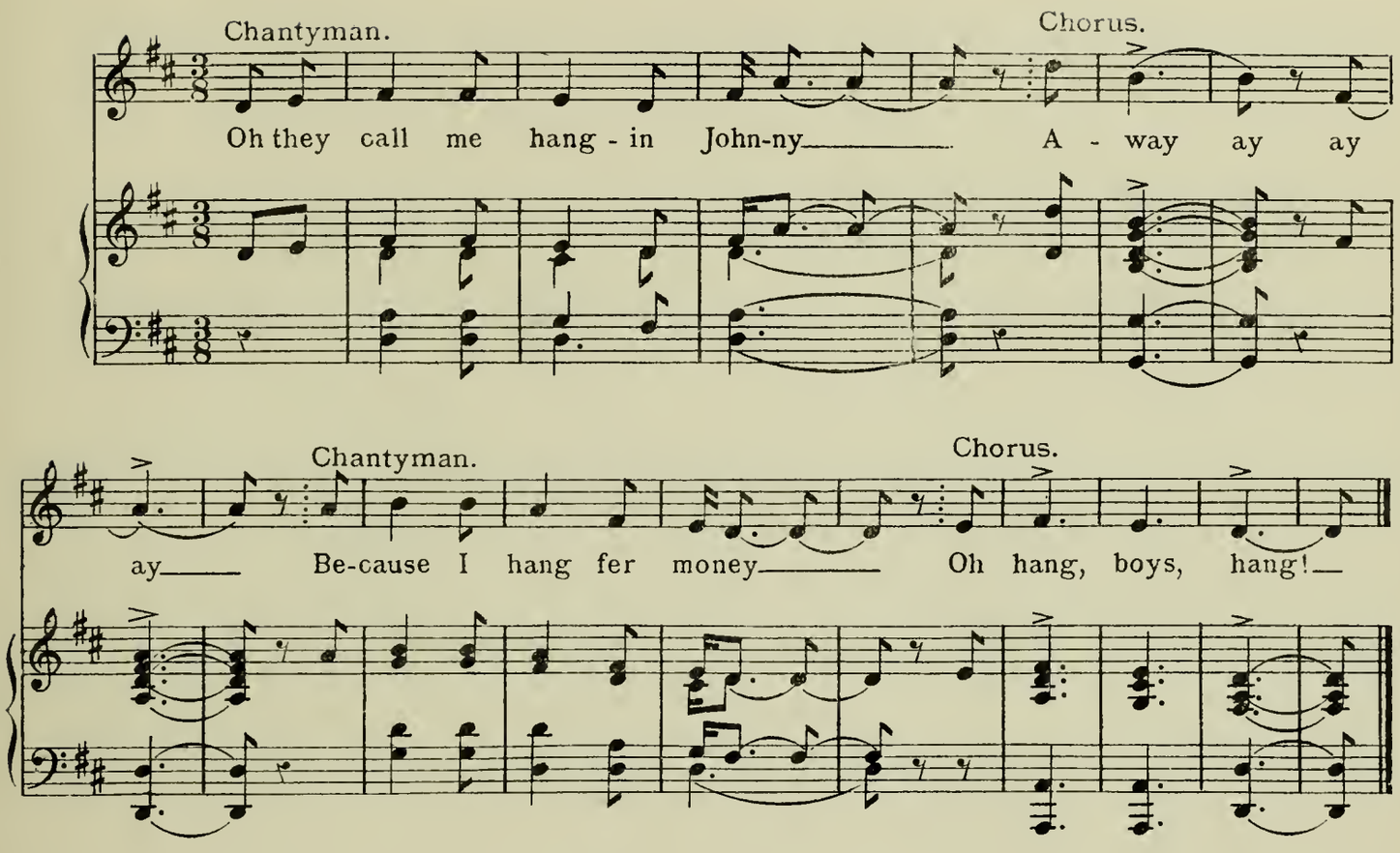


23. TOMS GONE TO HILO.

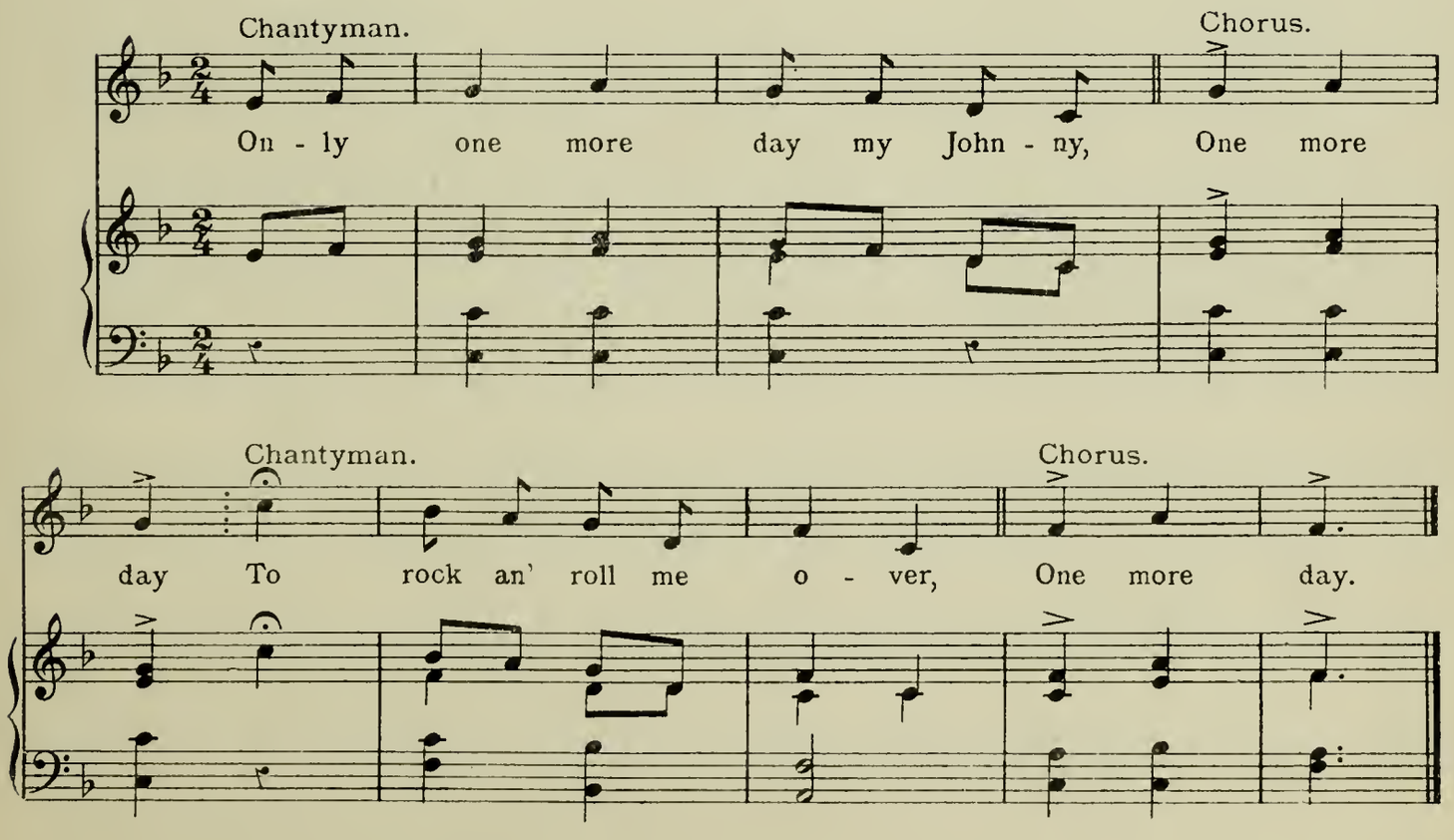


* The accented notes in this and the following Chanties indicate where the pulls occur. (see "Notes to the Chanties.")

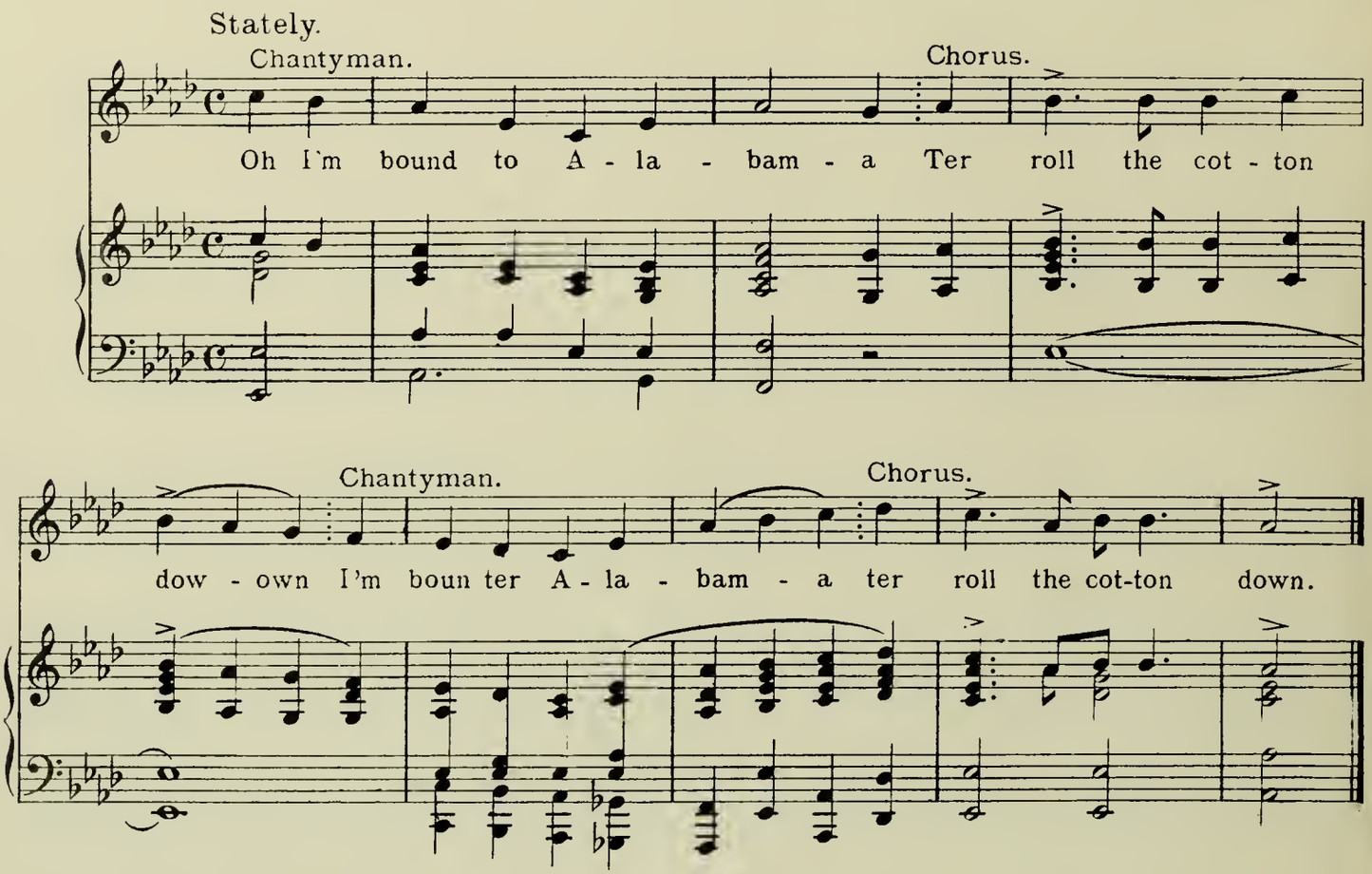
24. HANGING JOHNNY.



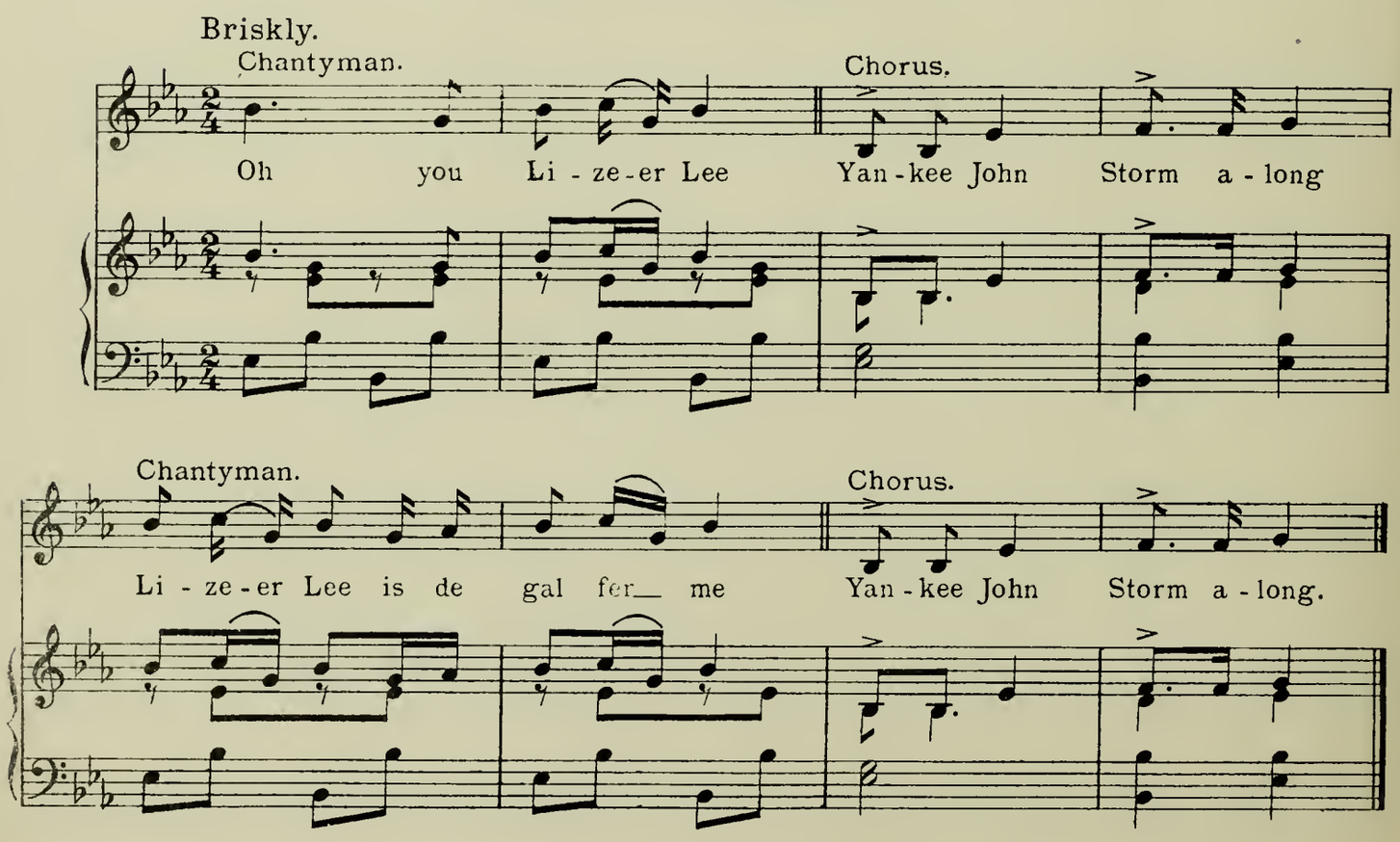
25. ONE MORE DAY.



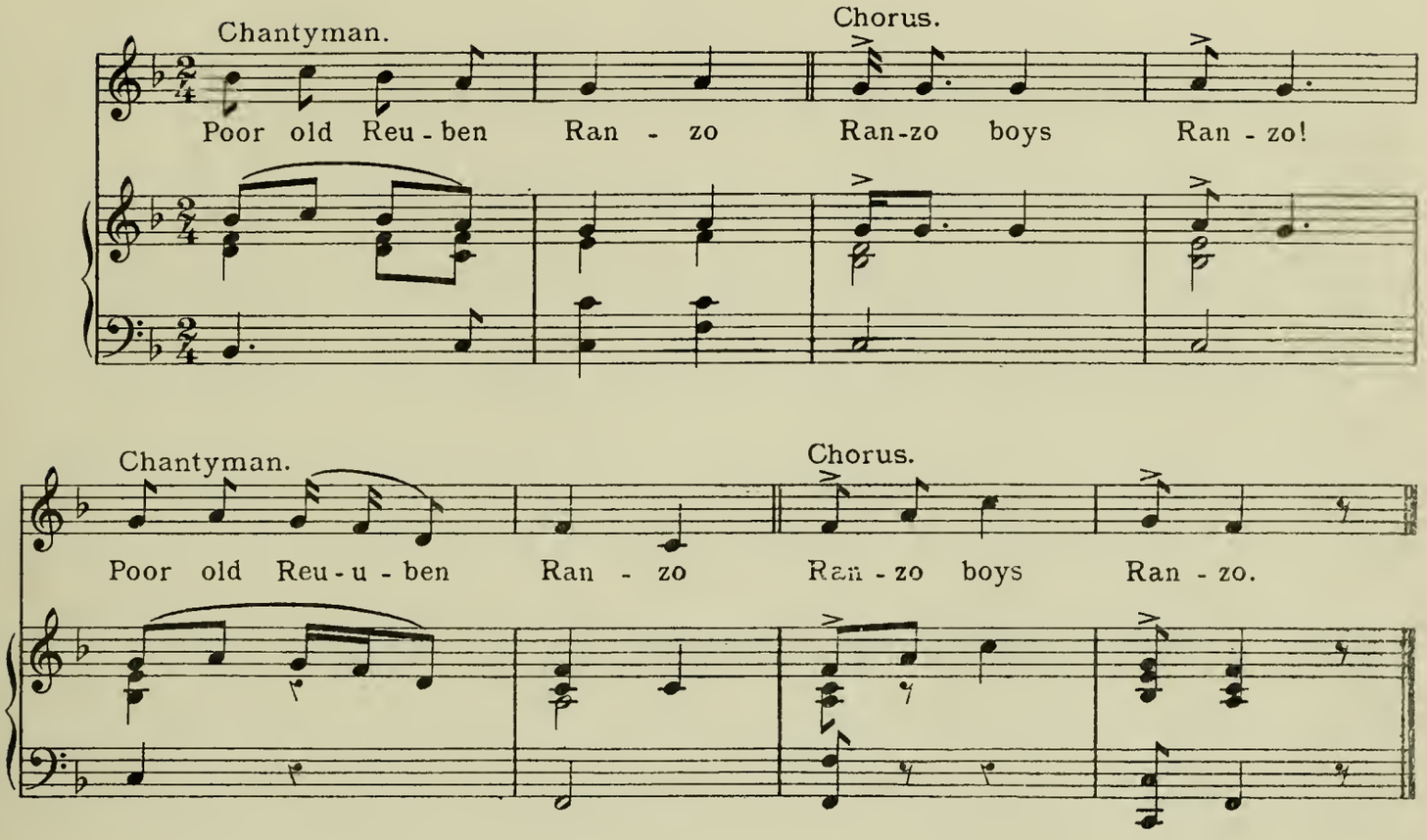
26. BOUND TO ALABAMA.



27. LIZA LEE.

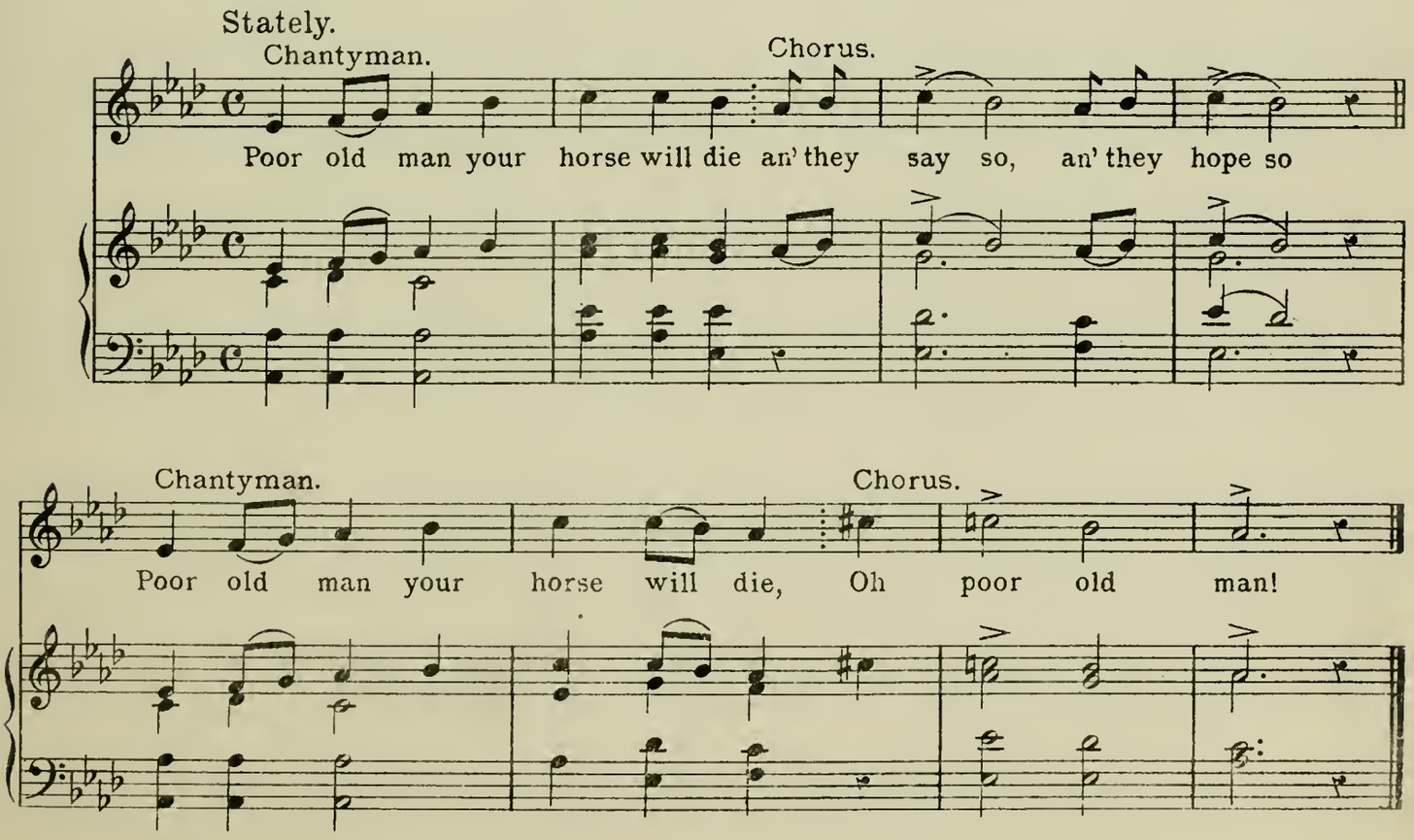


28. REUBEN RANZO.

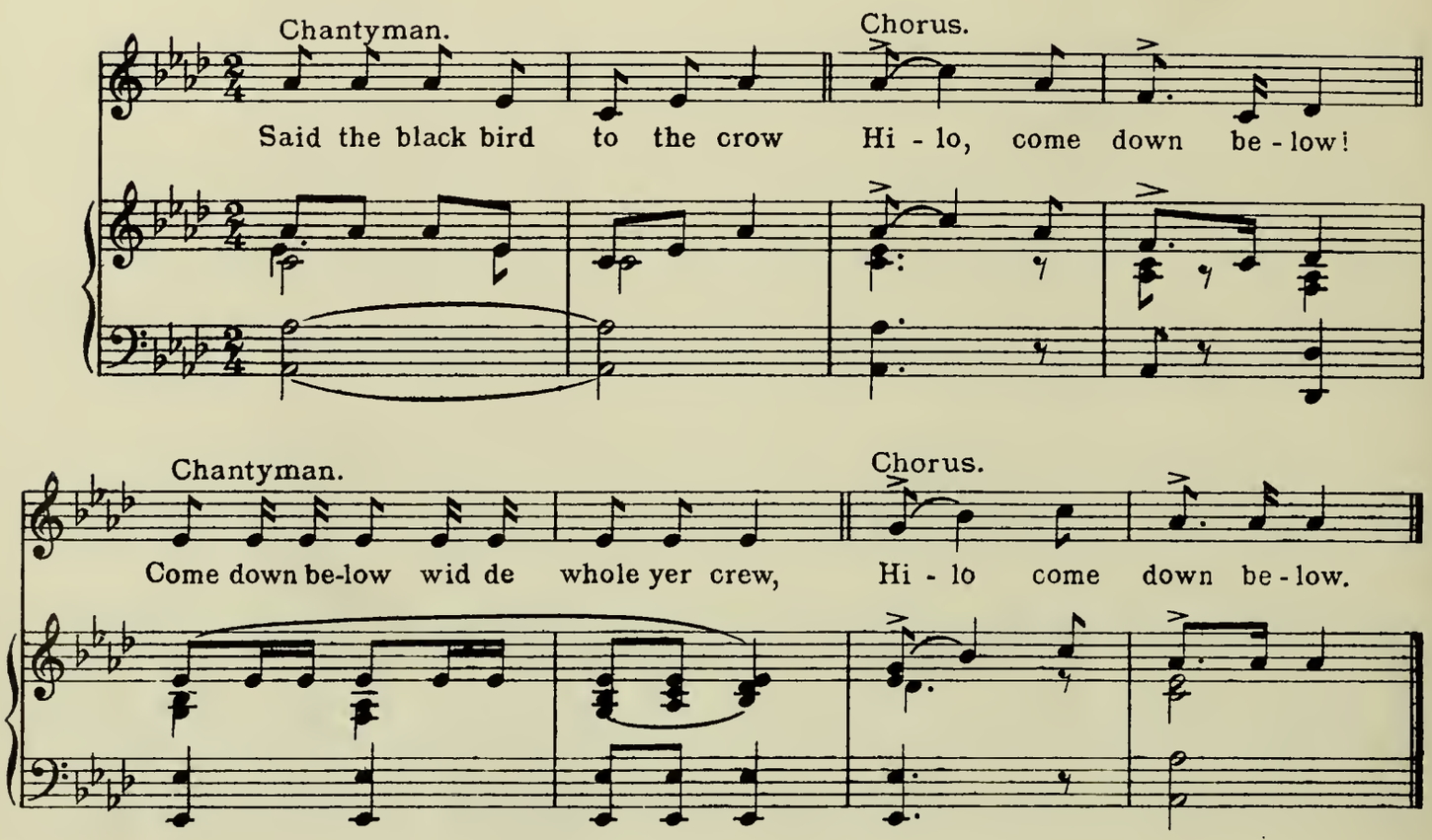


29. POOR OLD MAN.

(DEAD HORSE.)

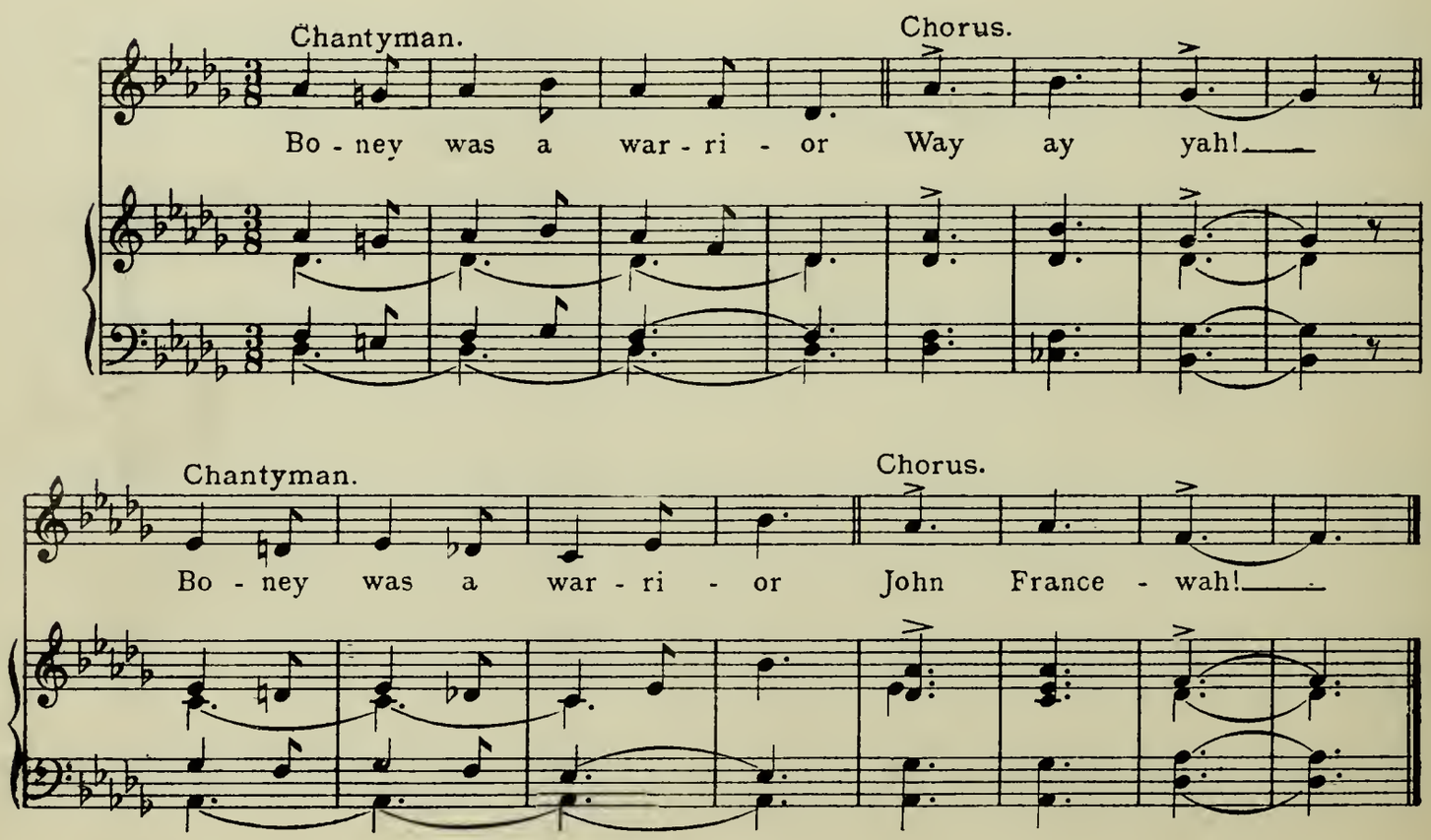


30. HILO COME DOWN BELOW.

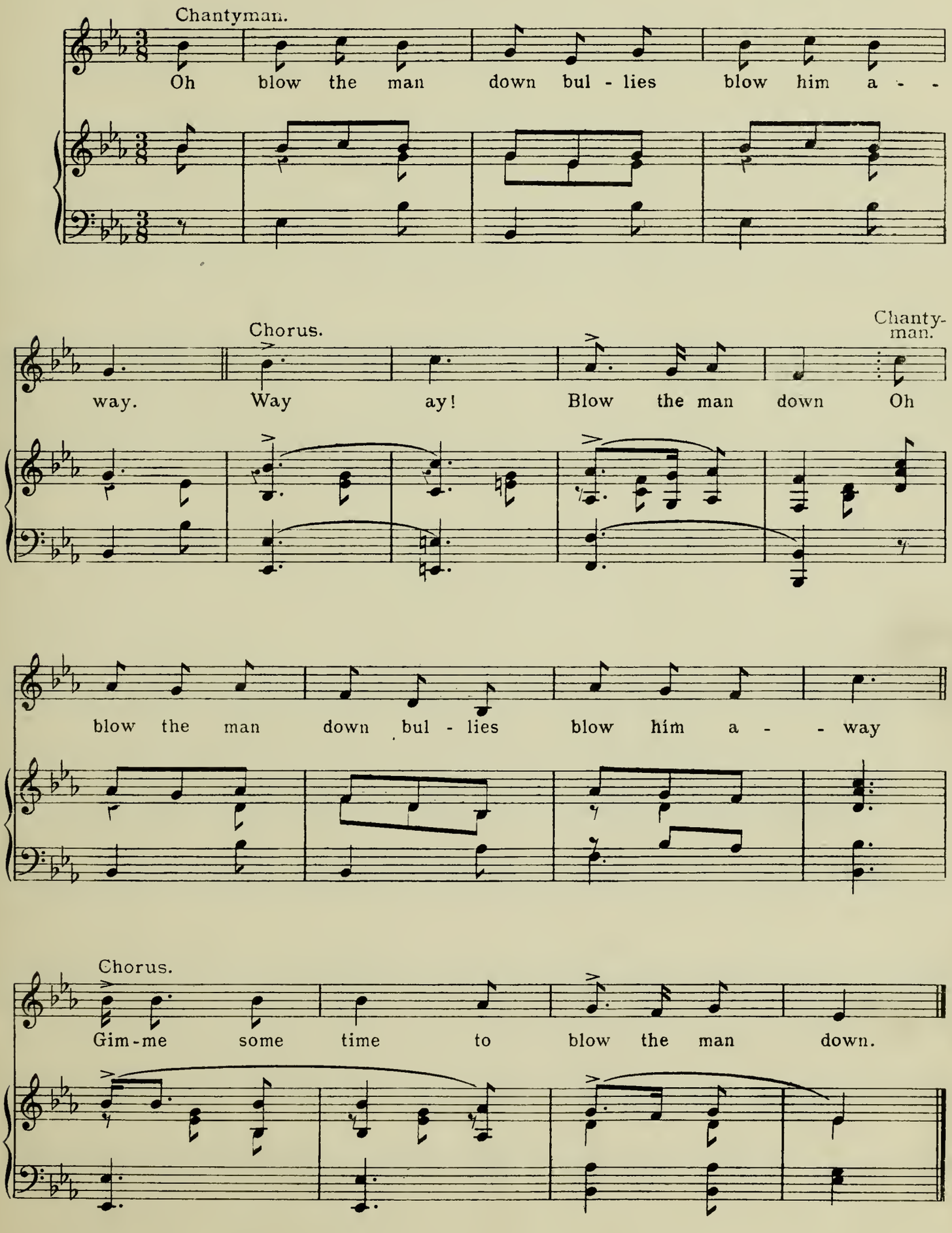


31. BONEY WAS A WARRIOR.

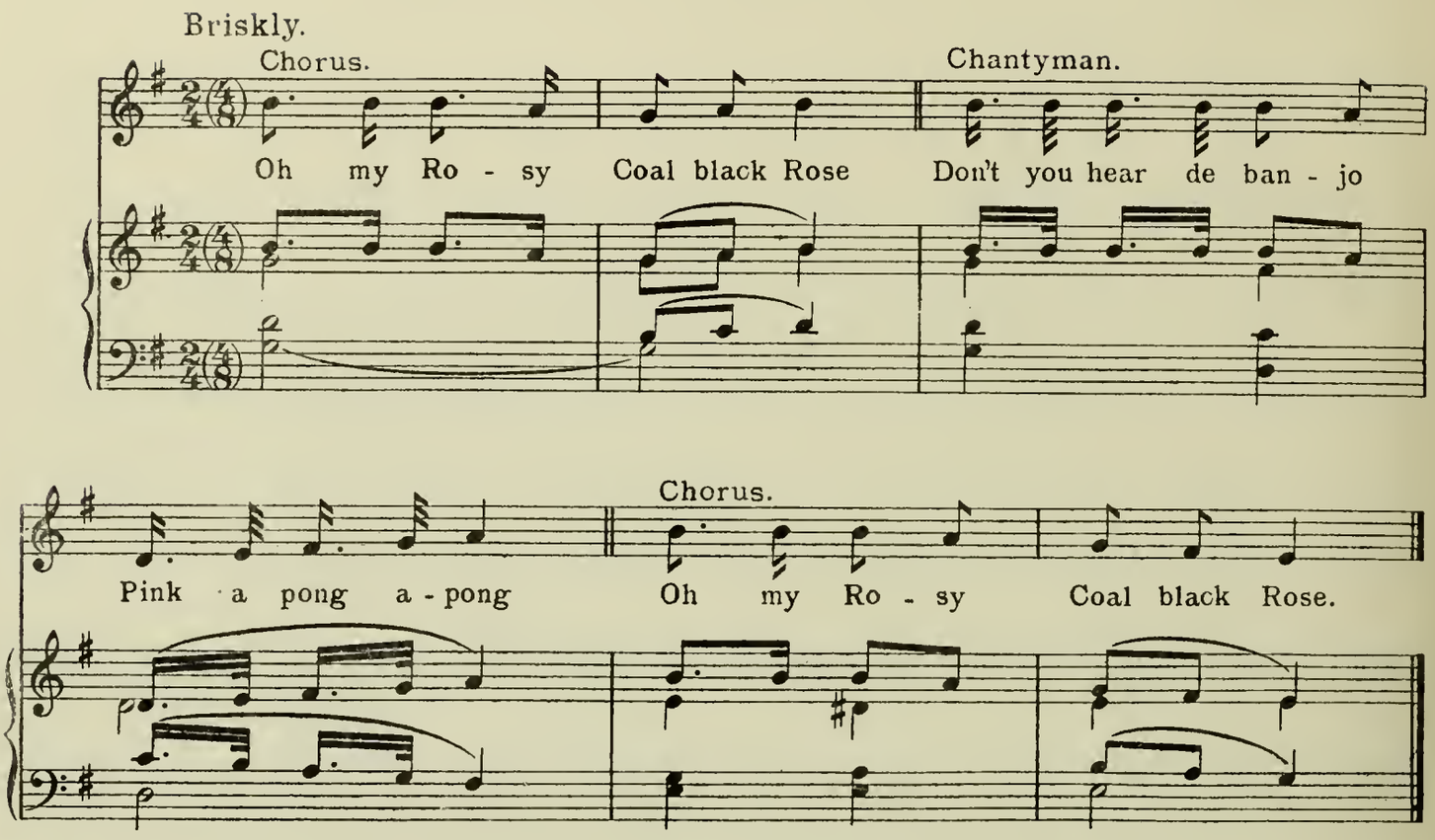
(JOHN FRANÇOIS.)



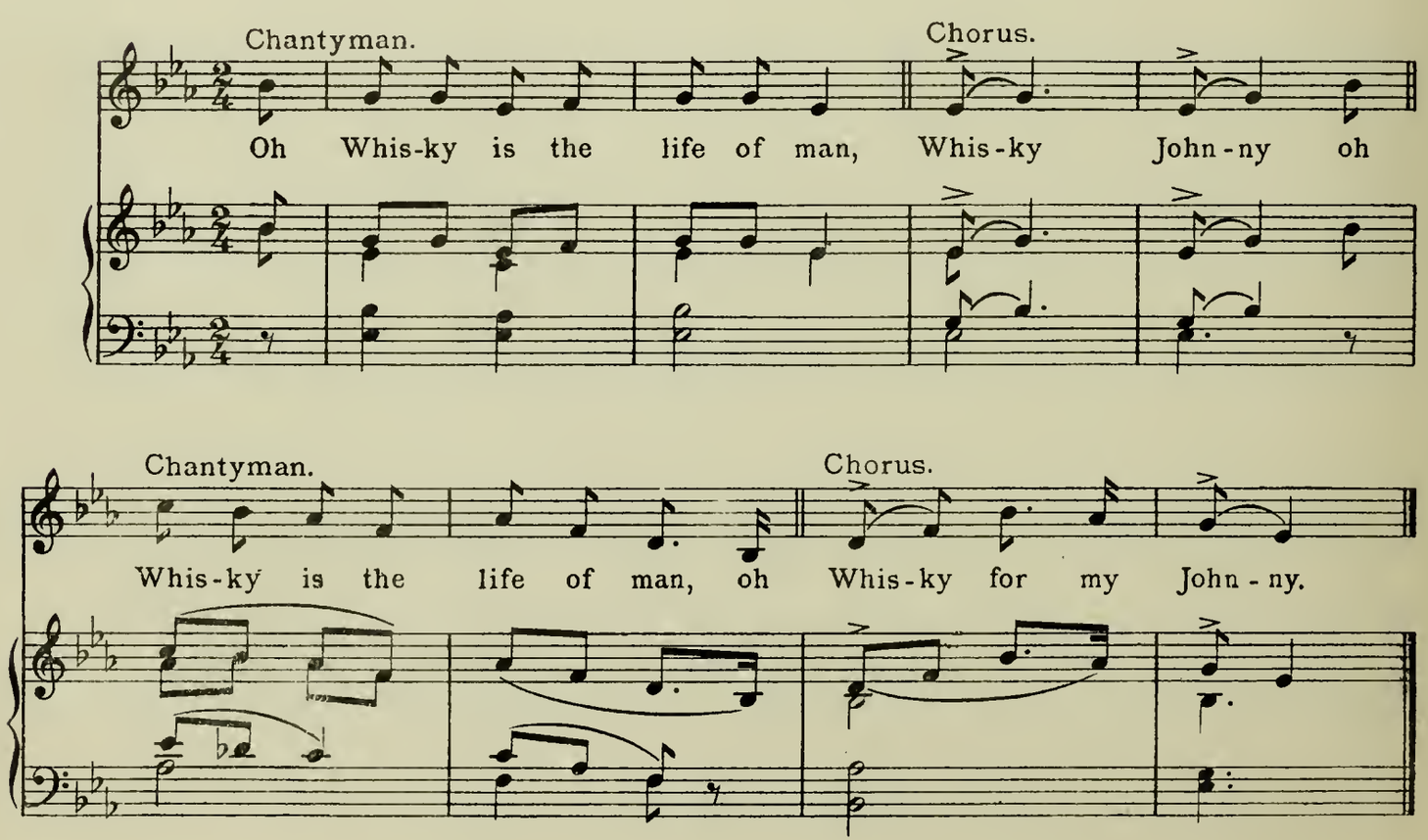
32. BLOW THE MAN DOWN.



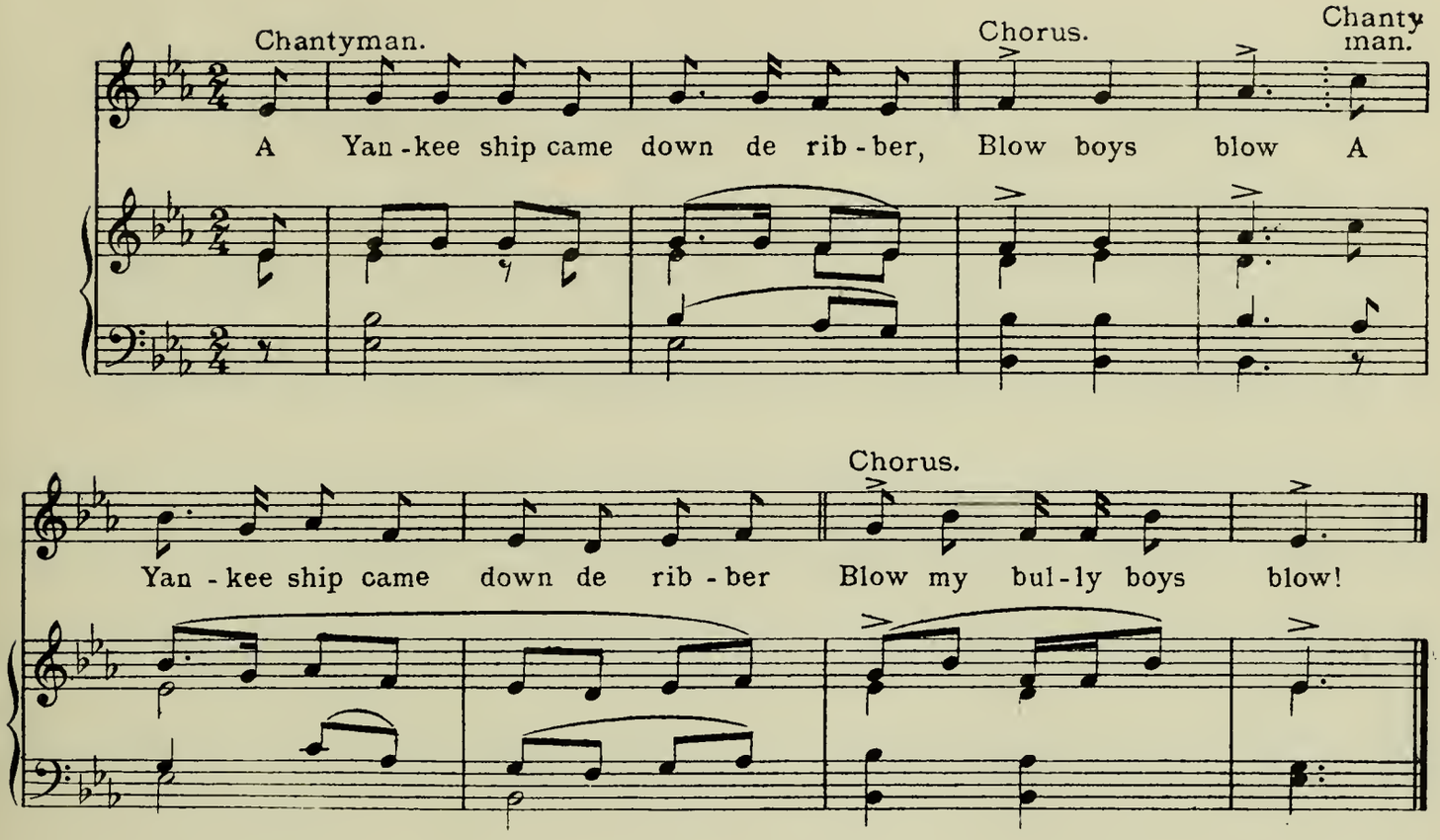
33. COAL BLACK ROSE.



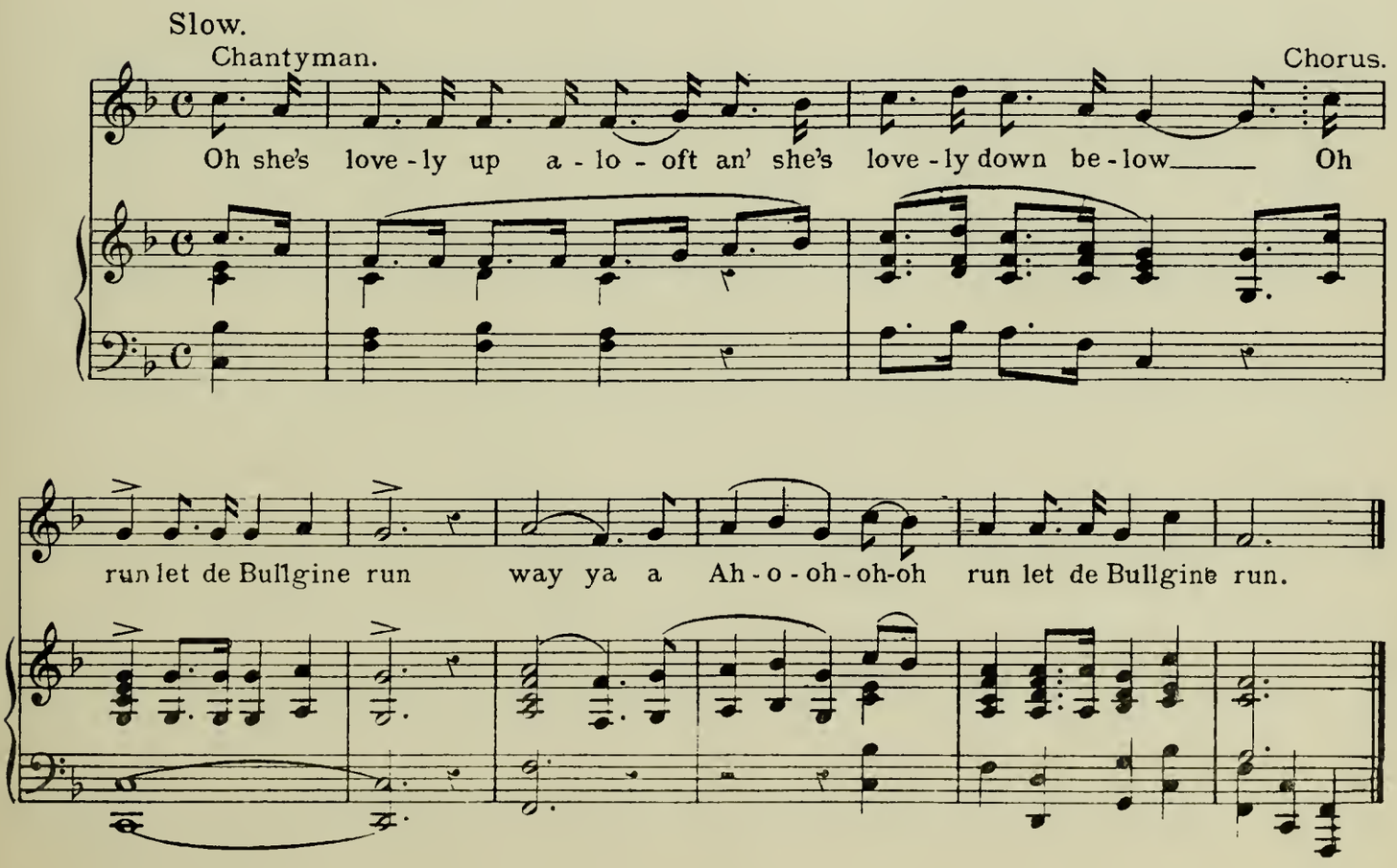
34. WHISKEY JOHNNY.



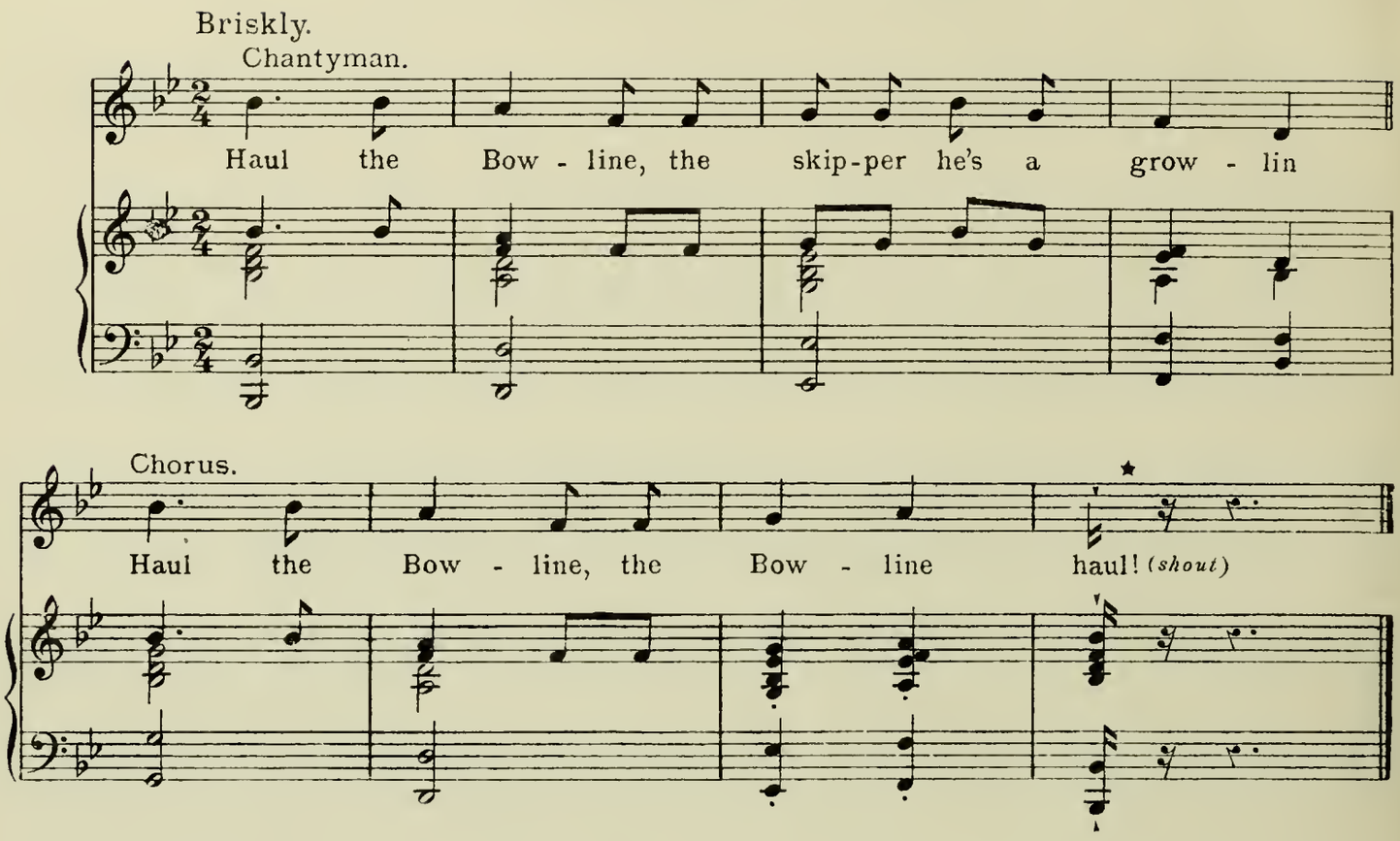
35. BLOW BOYS BLOW.



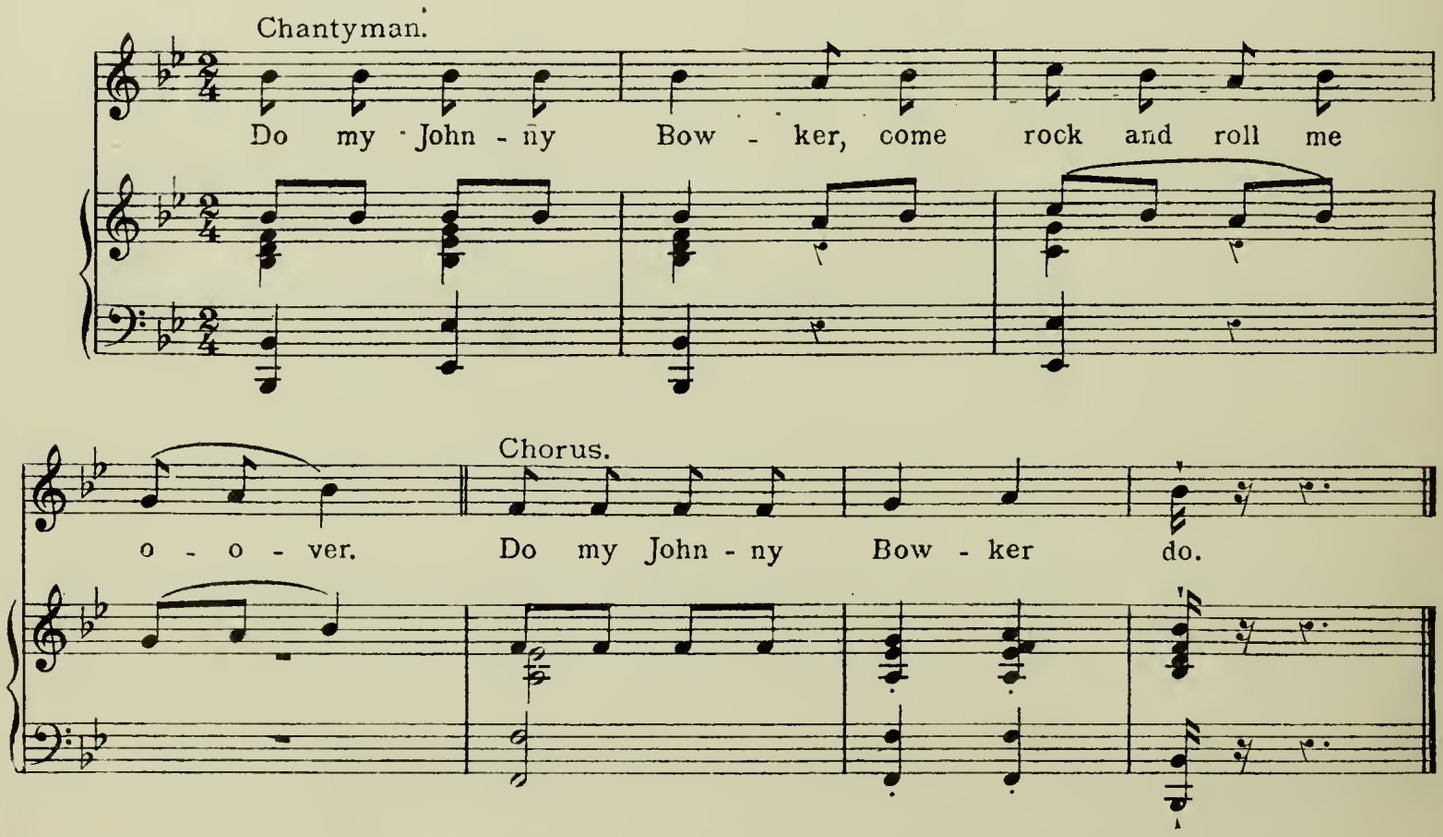
36. THE BULLGINE.



37. HAUL THE BOWLIN'.

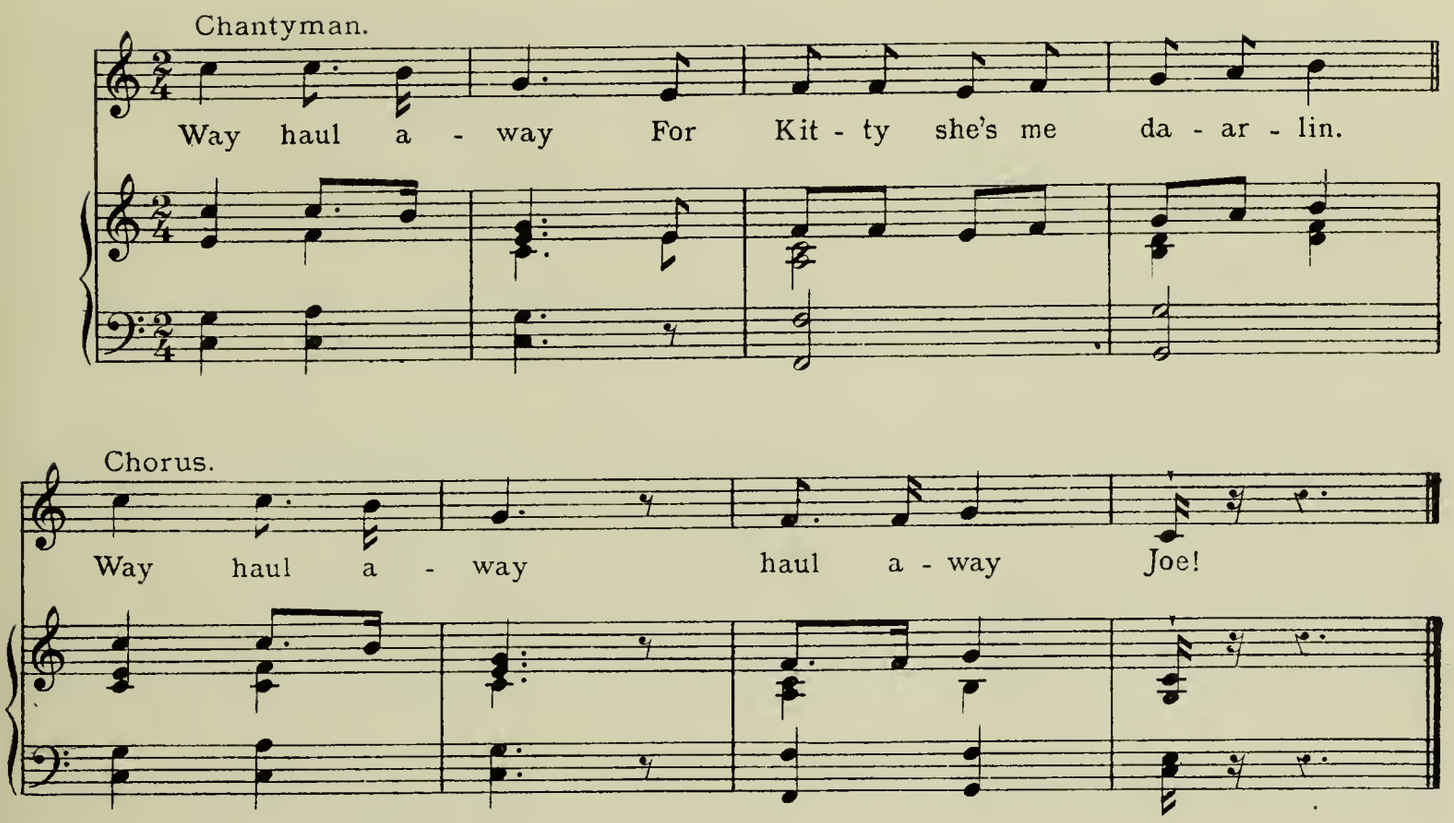


38. DO MY JOHNNY BOWKER.



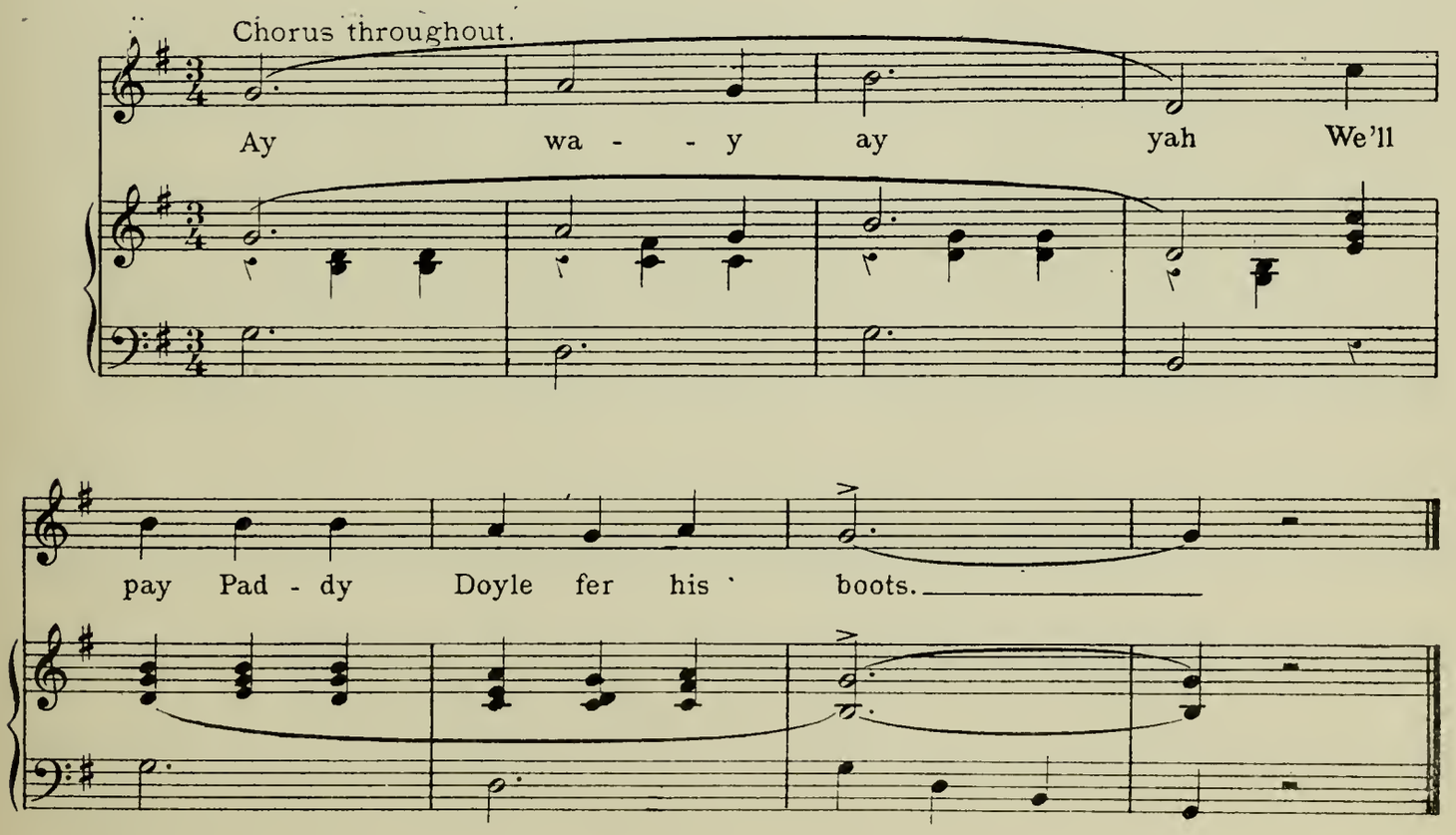
* The notes indicated thus, ' in this and the following two chanties mark the position of the collective haul at the fore sheet rope, and should be cut off as short as possible. (see "Notes to the Chanties")

39. HAUL AWAY JO.

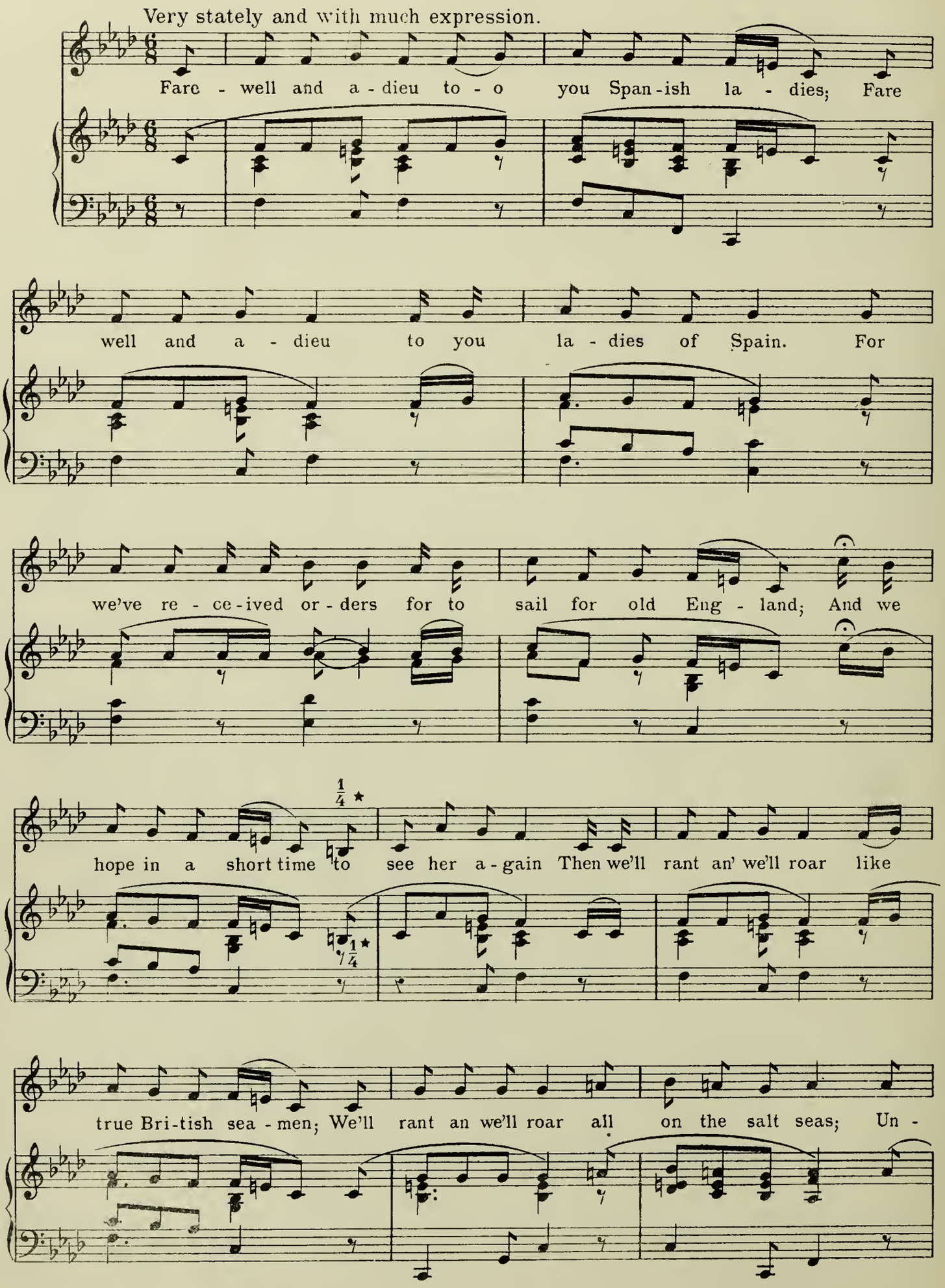


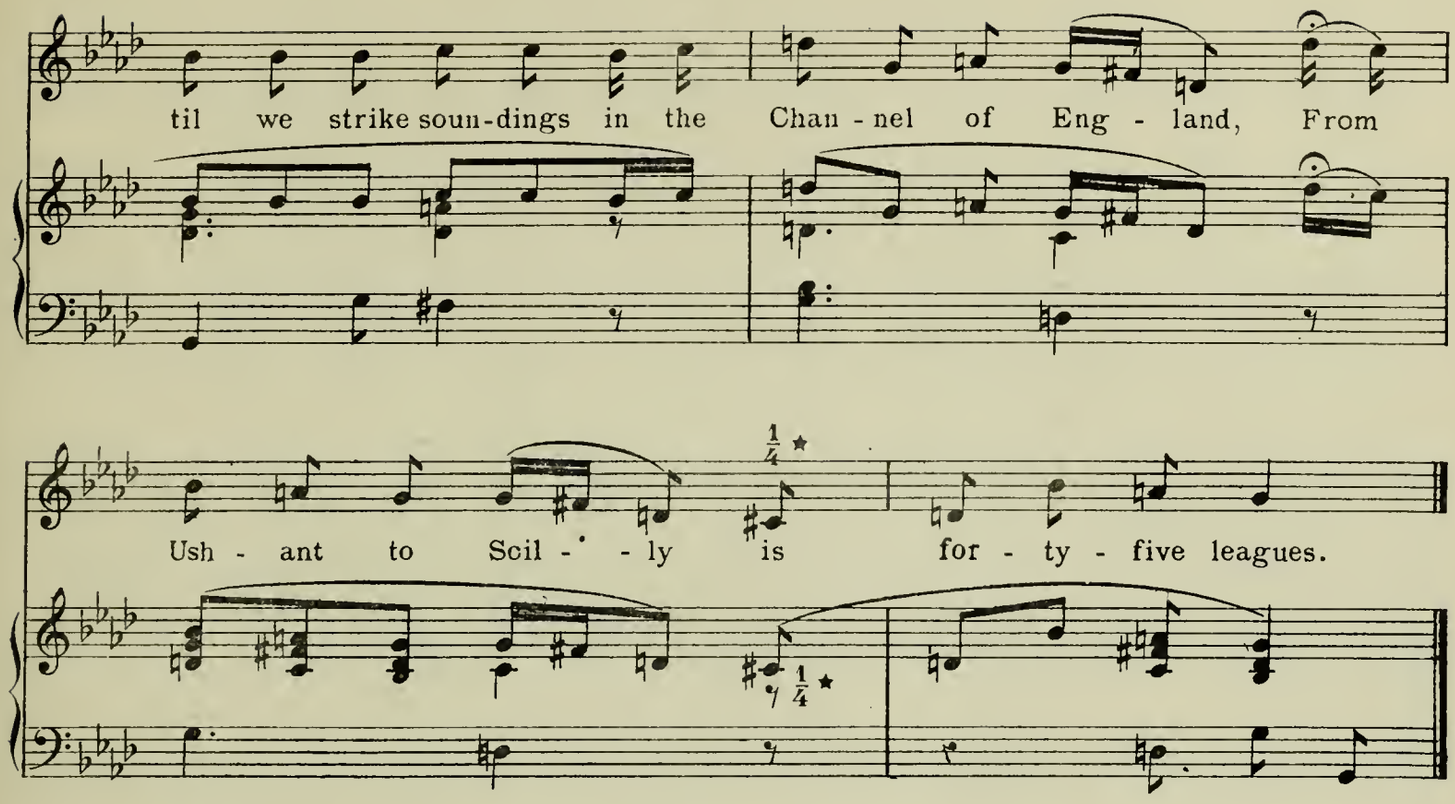
BUNT CHANTY.

40. PADDY DOYLE'S BOOTS.



41. FAREWELL AND ADIEU TO YOU SPANISH LADIES.





* The actual note *sung* here is between the semitones and has therefore to be noted down as a quarter-tone.

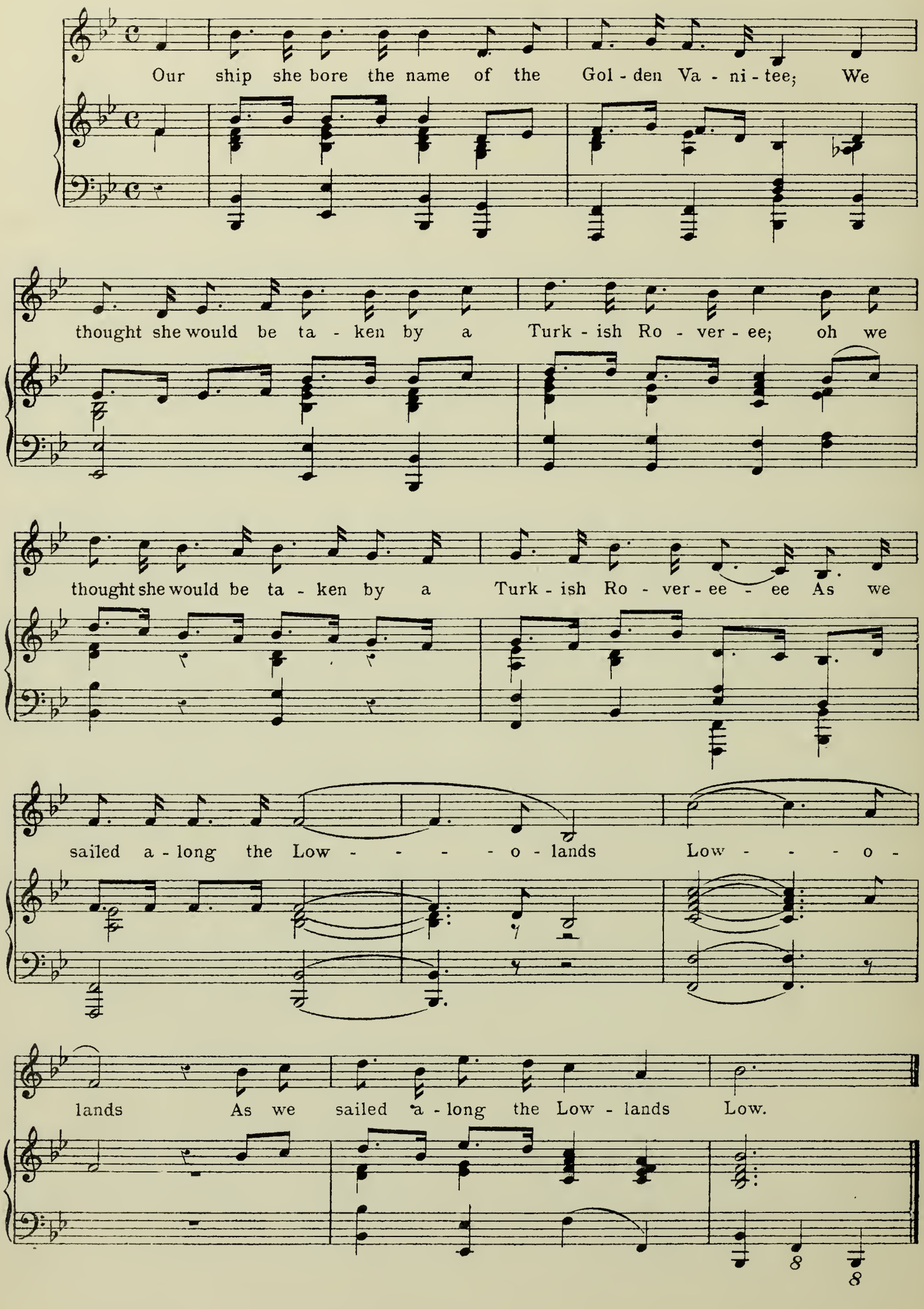
1. Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies;
   Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain.
   For we've received orders for to sail for old England;
   And we hope in a short time to see her again
   Then we'll rant an' we'll roar like true British seamen;
   We'll rant an we'll roar all on the salt seas;
   Until we strike soundings in the Channel of England,
   From Ushant to Scilly is forty-five leagues.

2. We hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'west boys,
   We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear,
   There's sixty-five fathom and a white sandy bottom boys,
   Oh! we squared our main-yard and up Channel did steer.
   The first land we made, it is called the Deadman,
   Next Ram Head, off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight;
   The Nab and the Owers Beachy, and Dungeness,
   And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.

3. Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
   All in the Downs that night for to sleep;
   Now stand by your stoppers, see clear your shank painters,
   Haul up your clew garnets, let go tacks and sheets.
   Now let every man toss off a full bumper,
   Now let ev'ry man take off his full bowl,
   For we will be jolly, and drown melancholy,
   With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.

(The above words, with a few slight alterations, are given by Chappell in his "Popular Music of the olden time")

42. LOWLANDS LOW.



1. Our ship she bore the name of the Golden Vanitee,
We thought she would be taken by a Turkish Roveree,
(Repeat this line)
As we sailed along the Lowlands Low.
(Chorus) As we sailed along the Lowlands, Lowlands:
As we sailed along the Lowlands Low.

2. The first that came on deck was a little cabin boy
Crying, "Captain what'll ye give me if her I will destroy;
(Repeat)
And sink her in the Lowlands Low. *(Chorus)*

3. My boy what will I give you? I'll give you to be sure;
I'll give you gold and silver, my daughter that's ashore;
(Repeat)
If you'll sink her in the Lowlands Low. *(Chorus)*

4. The boy grasped his auger and overboard went he;
He swam right 'longside of the Turkish Roveree;
(Repeat)
And he sank her in the Lowlands Low. *(Chorus)*

5. Oh some were playing cards and some were playing dice,
And some were in their hammocks a-sporting with their wives,
When he let the water in and he put out the lights;
As we sailed along the Lowlands Low. *(Chorus)*

6. He swam back again to the Golden Vanitee,
Crying "Captain pick me up for I'm sinking in the sea;
(Repeat)
As we sailed along the Lowlands Low. *(Chorus)*

7. "Pick you up, pick you up! no that never so shall be,
I'll shoot you, I'll stab you, I'll leave you in the sea;"
(Repeat)
As we sailed along the Lowlands Low. *(Chorus)*

8. He swam right around her t'was on the other side,
Crying "Messmates pick me up for I'm sinking in the tide;"
(Repeat)
As we sailed along the Lowlands Low. *(Chorus)*

9. His messmates picked him up and t'was on the deck he died,
They sewed him in his hammock that was so long and wide;
(Repeat)
And they sank him in the Lowlands Low. *(Chorus)*

10. Here's a curse upon that Captain, wherever he may be,
For taking that poor cabin boy so far away to sea;
(Repeat)
And to leave him in the Lowlands Low. *(Chorus)*

In the early part of 1870, being then a boy of 12, I was wrecked upon the Alacranes Reef in the Bay of Campéché, Gulf of Mexico. We all got safe to land, where on a little patch of sand and rock only a few acres in extent we stayed for several days. We had no hardships and plenty of excellent food, but the chief joy to me was the long delightful evenings when lolling beneath a great tent we had rigged over our upturned long-boat and facing an enormous fire of driftwood, songs and stories were contributed by all. It was there that I learned the song set down above, every line of which is from the memory of those far-away days. I certainly have seen it in print since, but I can honestly declare that I have never read it, and as I have just written it, it comes quite fresh from my memory of 1870 as does the tune of which Mr Arnold thinks so highly. *F. T. B.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
3 1197 22740 6508